

PLUCK AND LUCK

DICK DAREALL THE BOY BLOCKADE RUNNER AND OTHER STORIES

By Capt Thos. H. Wilson



Said Dick: "We may be out of range of that fellow. If we do— Ah!" another roar, and a solid shot struck a bale squarely in the center, knocking it off the raft, and carrying Dick and two of the sailors with it.

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DICK DAREALL

THE BOY BLOCKADE RUNNER

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

CHAPTER I.—The War for the Union.

Richard Dareall was the son of a very rich Southern planter, who owned hundreds of slaves and thousands of acres of rich land. He was in the Naval Academy at Annapolis when the war for the Union began. In a few months he would graduate with the highest honors, though only nineteen years of age. But his stern old father ordered him to resign, and come home immediately after the secession of his State. The old man was an out-and-out, red-hot Secessionist, and wanted to settle the dispute by the gage of battle. But young Richard—or Dick, as he was called by his cadet chums—was not at all anxious to leave the academy until he had graduated. His ambition was a laudable one, and he wrote to his father, begging to be allowed to remain until he had graduated.

"No," his father replied. "You are in a foreign country now. The South is out of the Union. Come home. In the event of a war between the North and the South, you will be given a high command in the Southern navy, graduation or no graduation."

To this Dick wrote in reply:

"War has not been declared. There may be no war. Time enough to resign when war is declared. If I resign prematurely I cannot come back. The doors of the academy will be closed against me. Let me remain and graduate. I am sure to carry off the highest honors, as I am now at the head of my class. If war is declared by either section, I promise you to tender my resignation within twenty-four hours thereafter. If I can return home with the highest honors of the academy, why, I would be given a high command in the Southern navy when there is one."

To all this begging the old man turned a deaf ear. He wrote to Dick commanding him to resign and come home at once, on pain of being disowned and disinherited.

Of course, Dick had to obey. He took the letter and called on his chum, Harry Stockton, who was a cadet from New York State.

"Harry," he said, "I am going to resign and go home."

His friend looked at him for a moment or two in silence, and then remarked:

"I am sorry. You can't help yourself, I suppose, for I don't think you want to go."

"I don't want to go, at least not till I graduate."

"Yes, and then you would go and join the new Confederacy?"

"I would have to go somewhere. I couldn't remain here, you know."

"You could enter the service," and Harry pointed up at the flag of the Union, which was proudly floating in the breeze.

"Yes, so I could, and that has been the dream of my life," replied Dick, "but, then, you know, there is talk of a possible war between the sections, and in that case I would not fight against my people."

"But if your flag is fired upon by—"

"Hold on, Harry!" said Dick, interrupting him. "We can't discuss the case at all. It has been removed from the arena of discussion. My State has gone out of the Union. My people and all I hold dear are there. If there is to be war I shall be found fighting for my home and my people."

"As I shall be found fighting for my country and the Union of the States," said Harry.

"Of course, that is your duty. The North is your home; the South is mine. We may meet somewhere on the water, and our vessels may be pitted against each other. Who knows? But let come what will, Harry, we shall be friends always, shall we not?"

"Yes, always," said Harry, grasping his hand and shaking it warmly. "When do you start?"

"In a day or two."

"Well, come down to the hotel tonight and see my mother and sister before you go."

"Yes, of course."

Harry's mother and sister came to Annapolis every year to see him, and generally remained a month. By that means Dick became acquainted with Louise Stockton, who was a lovely girl of eighteen summers. They had been there about a fortnight, and during that time our young hero had taken many a moonlight walk with the fair maid of the North. Dick had already uttered some very tender expressions to her, which plainly told her how he felt toward her. This was the situation when he called at the hotel in the evening, accompanied by Harry Stockton him-

self. Louise received him with that cordiality she had always shown him, and when they were left alone she rallied him on being low-spirited.

"I have reason to be, Miss Stockton," he said, "for I am ordered to return home to the South immediately."

She caught her breath, turned pale and gasped:

"And—are—you—going?"

"I have no option in the matter," he replied. "My father is a very stern man, and threatens me with disinheritance if I do not obey him."

"Do you—want—to go?" she asked, after a silence of a couple of minutes.

"No—a thousand times no!"

"What will you do if there should be a war?"

"I would fight for my people against all the world," he replied.

"But we are one people," she said.

"Hardly. We are a very different people, I think. But let us hope there may be no war. I cannot see why there should be any."

"I don't know, I am sure, but I hope there will not be," she murmured.

Just then others came into the room and prevented more tender expressions, and the words that would have plighted their troth then and there were not uttered. At last the time for the parting came, and Dick kissed the hand of the fair Louise and went away. It was a sore trial for him, for he loved the beautiful girl with all the impulsiveness of his nature, and he felt sure that she loved him in return. But he had no time to devote to love now. The stern orders of his father had to be obeyed, and so a day or two later he tendered his resignation and departed for his Southern home.

Lincoln called upon the loyal people of the country to sustain the Union, and both sides began to arm.

"There will be a fight," said our hero as he read the papers one morning.

"Oh, there won't be any war. Only one or two fights, and then they'll be glad enough to make peace with us."

Dick corresponded with Harry Stockton and his sister Louise and many letters passed between them.

Then came the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the great uprising in the North. Lincoln called for 75,000 troops, and Davis called for just half that number. Then it became certain that a terrible war was at hand, and both sides prepared for it on a gigantic scale. Dick Dareall, urged by his father, tendered his services as a naval officer to the young Confederacy, and was told that as soon as his services were needed he would be called for. The war assumed gigantic proportions, and the blockade of all the Southern ports was proclaimed. The young Confederacy began to build and buy vessels at home and abroad, and Dick Dareall expected every day to be called to take command of one. But before one so young as he could hope for such a thing there were a number of older and far more experienced naval officers to be provided for and given commands. Thus it was that a year and a half slipped away and terrible battles had been fought, and he was still without a command.

"Show 'em what you can do," said his father. "Buy or build a blockade runner, and run in and out till they know you as a good officer. There's

money as well as fame in it. Do it, my boy, and I'll stand the expense and give you the first load of cotton to start with."

CHAPTER II.—The Young Blockade Runner.

Young Dareall was not long in acting on the advice of his father. Armed with plenty of cash, he went down to Savannah and began the construction of a peculiar shaped vessel, the model of which he designed himself. Just before its completion Dick began to make his selection of a crew. He wanted none but experienced seamen, and when it became known that he was or had been a naval cadet, he had little trouble in getting all the able-bodied seamen he wanted. To insure their fidelity he agreed to pay them liberal wages, which were to be doubled if they succeeded in getting through with the cargo. That made every man work for success, and the young captain at once became a very important man in their opinion.

When completed the Swallow was the trimmest-looking craft ever seen in the waters of any Southern port. She was a side-wheel steamer, with the wheels on the inside of the sides of the vessel, so constructed as not to be seen from the outside. At the bow and stern, under the deck, were two steel rifled carronades which were so well concealed from view that the true character of the craft would never be suspected by a casual observer. When everything was in readiness the Swallow took on a cargo of cotton, every bale of which came from the plantation of Dick Dareall's father. Then he lay quietly out in the stream and waited for a dark night in which to slip out and pass the blockade vessels.

Days and weeks passed, and at last a dark night—with heavy black clouds obscuring the dim light of the stars—came with its seductive gloom.

They steamed down the river very slowly so as to feel their way between the banks. The blockading fleet was riding at anchor a few miles off the bar. The light draught of the Swallow enabled her to pass down between the fleet and the coast, which she did at full speed, and in two hours she was clear of all danger.

"Well, it was easily done," remarked Dick of his second in command, a young sailor of the name of Cutter.

"Ay, sir—it was well done, too. She swims like a duck."

"Yes—I am proud of her."

The next day the signal lookout from the mast of the largest blockading vessel reported the strange-looking craft in the port as missing.

"She surely did not get out!" exclaimed the captain.

Of course no one knew positively, but every officer was suspicious.

A Federal vessel traced her to Nassau, and there saw that she had made the port with her cargo of cotton, which had been disposed of at an enormous profit. It was also learned that the Swallow was taking in a cargo of medicinal supplies for the Confederacy. Of course, the war vessel waited outside in war paint for her, and word was sent to the blockading fleets all along the coast that the successful little craft was preparing to return. That set all the blockading fleet to watching for him. In the meantime, young Dareall became the lion of the Southern

sympathizers at Nassau. He wrote letters to his sweetheart in New York, but did not tell her what he was doing in Nassau, and kept an eye on the dangerous-looking craft that was lying in wait for him just outside the port. At last he resolved to get away by the exercise of a little bit of strategy. There was an English vessel in port whose captain was a red-hot sympathizer with the South. Dick had met him several times on shore, and became quite friendly with him. One evening Dick offered him one thousand dollars to set sail on the same night with him and go northward.

"A couple of hours after you start I'll be off," he said, "steaming southward. Before the Yankee cap can find out his mistake in chasing you I'll be leagues in another direction."

"Egad, sir, I'll do it!" said the mercenary Englishman, grasping his hand, "and I hope you may get through all right."

"I believe that, captain," replied Dick, "but if I am chased I may be driven right into the jaws of a trap somewhere on the coast."

The time soon came when the Englishman was ready to sail and the night was set. The ruse was successful, and the Swallow got away long before the Federal ship discovered his mistake. The captain of the Union vessel was so angry when he saw through the trick that was played on him that he was strongly tempted to give the Englishman a broadside just to teach him a lesson. The deceived captain turned and made for the coast of Florida in hot pursuit of the Swallow. None of the blockading fleet had seen the Swallow when the pursuer came in sight, and all the captains wondered where she was. While they were looking sharply for the little craft, Dick was quietly unloading her up in the Indian River, and the Southern press and leaders were rejoicing over the immense store of medical supplies that had been brought in. His success as a blockade runner stood in his way in the matter of promotion to a command in the Confederate navy. The Confederate leaders thought he was just the man to keep the armies of the South supplied with medical supplies, and so they encouraged him to continue in that line of service, much to his disgust. Success is the test of merit in every undertaking. The profits of the trip paid every dollar the Swallow cost to build and equip, and have a handsome balance besides. One day a young girl, not over sixteen or seventeen years of age, rode up on a mule to the little landing where the Swallow was lying moored to the pier, and asked to see the captain. Dick came forward and saw a flaxen-haired maiden, dressed in plain calico, with no ornaments, but as beautiful as a May morning.

"I am the captain, miss," he said.

She laughed and said:

"Why, we have heard so much about Captain Dareall, the Blockade Runner, that I expected to see a terrible looking old sailor, which you are not."

"I am glad to hear that from your lips, miss, I can assure you," replied Dick. "I hope you have come to give me a chance to be of service to you."

"Indeed I have, captain. My mother is a widow. We have a little farm up the river about ten miles, and there are fifteen bales of cotton—all we have on the place. We have no way in

the world of getting it to market, as both my brothers are away in Virginia in the army——"

"And you want me to take your cotton out to Nassau for you, eh?" said Dick, interrupting her.

"—Yes—and if you knew how——"

"That's enough, miss. I'll take it, though I am sure I have refused similar requests from half a hundred people."

"How kind of you!"

"Yes—one could not be otherwise to one like you. Give me your name, please."

"My name is Mattie Louise Eldridge, and my father's name was Samuel Eldridge. He was killed at Bull Run."

"That's enough. You are a soldier's daughter. When can you get your cotton down here, Miss Eldridge?"

"That's what troubles me, captain. This mule is the only animal we have on our place, except the hogs and cows."

"Well, you go back home and rest easy. A girl whose name is Louise can't ask anything of Dick Dareall in vain. I'll send some of my men up there to build a raft and——"

"Oh, my! There's an old raft up there now. I never once thought of that. But there's a stretch of three or four miles where the men on the Yankee gunboats can see the raft on the way down, where the island is so low—not a foot high."

"Oh, never mind that," said Dick. "That won't worry us in the least."

She rode away on the mule, thinking the young blockade runner the most gallant youth she had ever met.

CHAPTER III.—The Fight By Moonlight.

Some two or three days after the young girl's visit to the Swallow at her moorings in Indian River the young blockade runner took a dozen men, armed with rifles and cotton hooks, and set out for the home of the Widow Eldridge. They reached the place in about three hours, and were welcomed by the widow and her daughter.

"We can't get up much of a dinner for you, captain," said the widow, "but we can give you plenty of corn-bread and fish."

"We couldn't ask for anything better, ma'am," said Dick. "Have you caught the fish yet?"

"No, sir, but——"

"Well, you make the bread and we'll look after the fish. Give us the hooks and lines."

Mattie gave them the fishing tackle, and they set about securing the fish. Dick was fortunate enough to shoot a big bear about a half mile up the river from the house, which the men skinned, cut up and carried down to the little farmhouse for the use of the family. The fish was soon in the pan, and within an hour after their arrival the men sat down to a feast that hungry stomachs could well appreciate. After dinner Dick inspected the old log raft that Mattie had mentioned on her visit to the Swallow. He found that it was big enough to carry the fifteen bales of cotton, with a little patching up here and there. While the sailors were at work loading the raft a party of a dozen men came up to the farmhouse. They were a part of the State militia who had been pursuing a number of Federal prisoners who had escaped from Andersonville. The prisoners were supposed to be working their way to

the coast for the purpose of making their way to the blockading fleet. The party had one prisoner, a well-built young man, scarcely twenty years of age, who, while dejected over his capture, was yet manly in his bearing. His clothes were ragged and he had the appearance of one who had lived in the woods with but little food. Mrs. Eldridge knew the leader of the party. His name was Hawkins, a man of about forty years of age, with a very limited education and an exaggerated idea of his own importance.

"Who are these men, widow?" Hawkins asked of Mrs. Eldridge, as he saw the sailors rolling the cotton on board the raft.

"They are Captain Dareall, of the Swallow, the blockade runner, and his men," she replied.

"What are they doing here?"

"They are going to raft my cotton down to the Swallow and put it on board."

"Which is the captain?"

Mattie Eldridge pointed out Dick Dareall to him. Captain Hawkins went up to Dick and introduced himself to him, saying:

"I am Captain Hawkins of the Florida State troops."

"Very happy to meet you, captain," said Dick. "What has brought you way down here?"

"Been hunting prisoners who escaped from Andersonville. Caught one two days ago—a young fellow who was trying to escape to the Yankee fleet, I think."

"What State is he from?"

"He won't say anything about himself at all, except to deny that he is a Yankee. I've been tempted two or three times to hang him till he is willing to talk."

"I wouldn't do that," said Dick, shaking his head. "He has the right to refuse to talk if he wants to do so."

Dick walked back toward the house with Hawkins, and in a few moments was near the prisoner, who sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Dick Dareall, do you know me?"

Dick started as if stung, and stared at the young man.

"My heavens, Harry!" he gasped. "But for your voice I would not have known you!" and he caught the young man in his arms and hugged him as if he were a long-lost brother. Captain Hawkins stared at them in unfeigned astonishment.

"How is this, Harry?" Dick demanded, looking at him from head to foot.

Harry Stockton—for he it was—had a hope that his old friend might be able to save him, and answered:

"They crowded us too hard, Dick, so we abandoned the brig and took to our boats. The whole crew is struggling somewhere in the swamps of this no-account part of the country."

"Be you a sailor?" Hawkins asked.

"Yes," said Dick, not waiting for Harry to answer, "and one of the best in the South. Why didn't you tell who you were, Harry?"

"Because when they first came up with me this man treated me in a very ungentlemanly way, and I made up my mind to say nothing to him till he reached headquarters."

"Do you mean to say that I am not a gentleman?" demanded Captain Hawkins, laying a hand menacingly on the hilt of his sword.

Dick looked at the two men in silence, and left Harry to make his reply to the question.

"I mean to say that your treatment of men was very ungentlemanly."

"That's the same thing," hissed Hawkins, drawing his sword. "No man can say that to me and live."

"Hold on, captain," said Dick. "Would you strike a prisoner?"

"I'll kill him, prisoner or no prisoner!" replied the irate Floridian.

"Then my duty is plain," said Dick, drawing and cocking his revolver, blowing a whistle which called his sailors to arms at the same time.

"What in thunder do you mean?" demanded the captain, as the bronzed sailors seized their arms and crowded around their young leader.

"I mean that if you harm a hair of that man's head I'll blow your brains out!" replied Dick.

"He is my friend, and I'll protect him. Besides, as he is not a Yankee soldier, you have no right to arrest him. I knew him long before the war."

Captain Hawkins threatened the young blockade runner with the vengeance of the State of Florida.

"Captain Dareall, I'll submit to this outrage now, but with force sufficient I'll come back and hang you and your whole crew! The State of Florida will not submit to such an outrage, sir!"

After a great deal more of palaver the doughty captain left, and Harry Stockton, who was a lieutenant in the Union navy, and who had been a prisoner for several months, was in charge of our hero.

"You are all right now, Harry," said Dick, grasping his hand once more and shaking it warmly. "When we get on board the Swallow you can have a change of clothing."

Mattie Louise Eldridge, the widow's charming daughter, was an eye-witness of all that transpired. She believed, from what both Dick and Harry had said, that the latter was a Southerner in distress, and that at once aroused all her sympathies.

"Mattie," said Dick, addressing her familiarly, "my friend is hungry. Can you give him something to eat?"

"Yes, captain," and she ran into the house and began to cook bear steaks for him.

Harry ate like a man half-famished, keeping an eye on the fair Mattie all the time. She was equally interested in him.

"I'll never forget you, Miss Eldridge," he said when he had finished the meal. "Will you allow me to pay you a visit when this war is over?"

She blushed and replied:

"Yes, sir, if you wish to do so. I am sure I should be glad to see you."

"Thanks! If I live to see the end of it I'll come and see you."

He shook hands with her and her mother, thanked them again and again, and then went on board the raft with Dick and his sailors. With long poles the sailors began pushing the raft out into the stream. Of course the progress is slow in such a stream. The scene was one of surprising loveliness, and the sailors were enjoying the scene in quiet admiration, when they were startled by a flash out on the ocean, followed by a loud report and the whistle of a cannon-ball as it passed only a few feet above the heads of those on the raft.

"Great Neptune!" exclaimed Dick. "That's a gunboat! Get behind the bales, men, and push your poles as well as you can!"

"Ahoy there!" came from the Federal gunboat, in a clear, determined tone.

"Ahoy yourself, or I'll run you down!" returned Dick.

There was a laugh heard on board the gunboat, and a voice said:

"That's impudence for you! If that island was out of the way we'd send them to Davy Jones in a jiffy."

Another and another shot came, and Dick said to his men:

"Get up and let 'em have a volley of small guns, boys!"

They sprang up and seized their rifles, and in another moment a dozen bullets rattled among the crew of the gunboat.

"Sink the rebels!" cried the officer in command, and another cannon-ball came, struck the end of a cotton bale, knocked it against another with great force, rebounded several hundred feet in the air and then dropped into the water.

"Give 'em another volley, boys!" said Dick, and another broadside from behind the cotton bales replied to the six-pounder of the gunboat.

Then the poles were applied again, and the raft moved slowly down the river to where it widened out.

CHAPTER IV.—A Narrow Escape From Capture.

But the long range of the gun on the gunboat enabled the enemy to annoy them as long as the raft could be seen. Then, when a mile or more lay between them, the raft could no longer be seen, and our hero pushed for the Swallow as fast as possible.

They reached it before ten o'clock, and the bales of cotton were quickly lifted on board and stowed away.

"This is my craft, Harry," said Dick, "and with it I have twice eluded the blockade fleet."

"It is a beauty, Dick," said Harry, "and I guess you can outrun anything outside there."

"Yes, I think so. I've a great mind to make the attempt to get out tonight."

"Well, I must say that you well deserve your name of Dareall," said Harry, "for surely none but a most reckless man would dare do such a thing."

"Well, I'll see what we can do, anyhow," and he utterly astonished the crew by ordering them to weigh anchor and set the engines going. The trim little vessel moved down the river toward the inlet like a huge alligator pushing his way through the water. As both the steam and smoke were destroyed—the first by condensation, and the latter consumption—no signs were given out that the craft was in activity. Reaching the inlet, Dick passed boldly out to sea. By and by he was enabled to spot the blockade vessel straight ahead, and so he turned southward at full speed. By some means or other his presence was discovered, and pursuit at once began. But it was plain that the enemy was so surprised at the daring of the young blockade runner that he was not

as quickly on the trail as he otherwise would have been.

The chase was on when the sun arose out of the Atlantic, but the Swallow was so far ahead that she appeared like a very small affair in the water. She was making direct for Nassau, but the pursuer kept well on her way, as if determined to follow wherever the little saucy blockade runner might lead her.

"Captain, thar's a sail on our starboard bow," reported the second in command.

Dick hastened to take a look at the stranger, and Harry went with him. To the astonishment of both they found a big warship bearing down upon the Swallow at full speed.

"We'll have to bear off," said Dick. "That is a man-of-war. We must show him our heels."

The course of the Swallow was changed, and the man-of-war crowded on all sail and steam to overtake her. Of course, the Swallow was infinitely the better sailer, and she showed her heels to the pursuer. But judge of the surprise of our hero when he saw another man-of-war right across his bow.

"By the sons of Neptune!" he exclaimed, "this is getting warm. We've got to run the gauntlet of those ships. There's no help for it."

He changed the course of the Swallow for the purpose of running in between them. When he was in range of the last one seen a shot was fired across his bow. But he paid no attention to that.

He kept straight ahead and, though a score of shots were fired at him, he succeeded in getting out of the trap, and got both his pursuers behind him. Yet he could not resist the temptation to give one of them a salute from the long steel six-pounder on the stern deck of the Swallow. He went down and pointed the gun himself, and when he watched the shot he was amazed at the result of it. A group of officers on the deck of the man-of-war, a mile away, were scattered, and three of their number lay on their backs weltering in blood.

"Heavens, what a shot!" exclaimed Harry, who was watching the warship with a glass.

The ship sent shot after shot in return, some of which came uncomfortably close to the little craft that was dancing off so merrily. Such impudence from a little blockade runner enraged the officers of the ship, and a thirst for vengeance was at once manifested. When they approached Nassau they saw another man-of-war outside of English waters. But Dick was fortunate enough to get into neutral water ere the character of his vessel was discovered, and he entered the port with flying colors, and was received with great rejoicing by the Southerners and their sympathizers.

Harry and Dick went to a hotel together, and in a private room had many a long chat over old college times.

"We may meet again in battle, Dick," said Harry, wringing our hero's hand, "but if we do, we will be none the less personal friends."

"No," said Dick. "If you ever fall into my hands, old boy, you may rest assured that I'll not hang you, nor return you to Andersonville."

Dick gave him a handsome sum of money as a loan, to enable him to reach his home in New York, and then they parted.

CHAPTER V.—The Escape From Three Men-of-War.

There were agents in Nassau who attended to the commercial business of blockade runners. They sold the cargoes of cotton and tobacco at enormously high prices, and bought immense quantities of supplies to be sent back into the Confederacy, where they would bring fabulous profits to the lucky owners. Of course, Nassau was neutral ground for both parties, and it is not to be wondered at that our hero met people there who had a deep hatred for him and his cause. The feeling was mutual, so there was little love wasted between them. One evening, in one of the hotels of the place, he was accosted by an American officer in naval uniform.

"You are Dick Dareall, are you?"

"Yes, that's my name," replied Dick, looking at the officer, who was but a couple of years older than himself.

"You don't remember me?"

"No, I do not, and yet your face looks somewhat familiar to me. Were you at Annapolis?"

"Yes. My name is Selwyn. I graduated the second year after you came there."

"Ah! I remember you now. So you are a lieutenant. Shake! I am glad to see you, though I am nothing."

Lieutenant Selwyn did not take his hand, but looked scornfully at him and said:

"Excuse me, sir, I cannot shake hands with a traitor."

Quick as a flash Dick gave him a blow between the eyes that laid him out on the floor. The knock-down caused a tremendous excitement, and but for the prompt interference of friends on both sides bloodshed would have resulted.

As it was, it was believed that a duel would follow. Dick waited for a messenger from the young naval officer. He soon learned, however, that the lieutenant meditated a different kind of a revenge. There was a ship outside the harbor which he commanded in the absence of his captain. The captain was then very ill at a hotel in the place, thus leaving Selwyn in command.

A strict watch was kept on the movements of the young hero, and when he was ready to go out he saw a rocket go up from a house near the water.

"Ah! that's a signal," said Dick. "I won't go out tonight."

And it was well he did not, for three war vessels were on the alert outside.

Dick dropped his anchor again in the same spot and waited for a favorable opportunity to go out. The blockaders were determined to catch him if possible, and he knew that it would be the last of him if they caught him. But he knew they dared not fire on him as long as he remained in British waters. The neutral ground runs out eight miles from shore, and as long as he remained within that distance of the island he would be safe. He resolved to worry them some, and thus try to make a gap wide enough for him to slip through, by making the circuit of the island within the limit. Accordingly, he moved out of port in broad daylight, to the intense astonishment of all the seamen in the harbor. The three men-of-war immediately put off after him,

keeping outside the limit to avoid complications with England. By and by they dropped to his game and then there was loud swearing on board the three vessels. To be led around on a chase like that at an expense of \$1,000 a day for each man-of-war, was enough to make the entire crew of each ship howl with indignation. But when he reached the extreme end of the island he passed a coral reef that extended out in that direction a distance of at least ten miles. Drawing but half of the depth of the men-of-war, the Swallow was enabled to pass between the reef and the island, while the larger vessels were forced to stand off a distance of at least ten miles to avoid a wreck.

"By the powers of wind and waves!" exclaimed Dick, as he saw how the matter stood, "that is the best piece of good luck that ever happened to any sailor. We can make a bee-line for the South Carolina, Georgia or Florida coast. Three cheers for good luck, boys!"

The sailors gave the three cheers with a hearty good-will and then the Swallow shot through the water like a thing of life. Of course, the three men-of-war were left far behind in the chase, and when night came on the game little craft was out of sight altogether. Just where to strike the coast was a question that puzzled our hero, as he neared the borders of the Confederacy. He became very cautious as he approached the coast, going at least twenty miles south of the inlet for the purpose of avoiding the warships of the enemy. When night came on he made a bold dash for the coast, got in as near as he dared to, and then crept up along shore toward the inlet, leaving the blockading fleet riding at anchor a couple of miles out. The darkness enabled him to get in without his presence even being discovered.

The Swallow crept up the river and dropped anchor within a quarter of a mile of the Eldridge farmhouse before daylight. When Mattie Louise Eldridge came out of the house that morning she saw the Swallow riding gracefully at anchor out in the river.

"Oh, mother!" she cried. "The Swallow has returned! There it is out there! Just see what a beauty she is!"

Dick waved her a signal and lowered a boat to go ashore. She and her mother received him with open arms.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" cried Mattie. "I've been thinking of you every day for weeks."

"Indeed! Well, if my friend Harry knew that he would feel very jealous indeed," and Dick smilingly kissed her nut-brown hand as he spoke.

"Ah! How did you leave him, and is he well?"

"Yes, well and safe. He sent so many sweet messages to you that I knew I could not remember them all, so I made him write them all down in this letter which he gave me to hand to you," and he placed the letter in her hand, which she took and ran off to read.

CHAPTER VI.—The Stranger.

Mrs. Eldridge was made so happy over the news which the Boy Blockade Runner imparted to her relative to the success of the cruise of the Swallow that she wept tears of joy.

"It will bring you at least \$30,000, ma'am,"

said Dick, "when the medical supplies are sold. In Confederate money it would amount to half a million dollars."

"Thank heaven!" she murmured. "I am so glad, for my children's sake."

"I am glad for your sake, too, ma'am," said Dick. "And now, ma'am, if you will open a sort of hotel here for a month so so you can make from fifty to one hundred dollars per day, as there will be a great many people here as soon as it is known that the Swallow has returned."

She called Mattie to decide about what she should do. Mattie suggested that they hire help and do as Dick suggested.

"We are rich now," said her mother.

"I am so glad of that," was all that Mattie said. She was thinking over what she had read in Harry Stockton's letter.

Suddenly she turned to Dick and said:

"Captain Hawkins has been looking out for you for two weeks or more. He says he has a whole company of State troops, and that he has orders to arrest you wherever he can find you in the borders of Florida."

"What's all that about, I wonder?" Dick asked.

"Oh, he has reported that you forcibly rescued a Yankee prisoner from him and carried him out of the country on board the Swallow. Oh, Captain Dareall, is he a Yankee?"

"Am I a Yankee?" Dick asked, looking her full in the face.

"Why, no, of course you are not."

"Then he is not, either."

"I am so glad," she said, "for I do like him so much."

The news of the arrival of the Swallow spread like wildfire and the residents of that part of the country flocked to the Eldridge farm to see it. Five days after the arrival of the Swallow, Captain Hawkins, of the State troops, arrived also. He was accompanied by a company of State militia. The doughty captain went on board the Swallow and said to Dick:

"I arrest you in the name of the sovereign State of Florida."

"Oh, go to thunder!"

"Do you surrender, or shall I use the force at my command?"

"Force! Boys, throw him overboard!"

The sailors seized and threw him overboard in such haste that he had no time to utter a word of protest. Once in the water, he had no alternative but to swim ashore, which he did, to the intense amusement of all the spectators of the place. He tried to get his men to fire on the Swallow.

"You are a fool, Captain Hawkins," said an old planter near by. "That craft has two steel guns under her decks, double-shotted with grape and cannister. Just one shot, and you and your company would be blown to kingdom come."

"But I've been ordered to arrest him," said Hawkins.

"Well, let the man who told you to arrest him do the job himself. Dick Dareall is not the lad to be trifled with. Besides, he is worth more to the Confederacy than any regiment in the army. Suppose he did take a Yankee prisoner away from you, what of it? Go and catch a few more Yankees instead of trying to arrest the man who is doing the most good to our cause."

"A soldier's first duty is to obey orders. I've been ordered to arrest him if found in the State again, and I am going to do it if it costs the life of every man in my company."

"Brave words, captain, but I'll bet my farm you don't arrest him."

Dick came ashore, accompanied by half a dozen sailors all armed. He took no further notice of the militia officer, and proceeded to attend to business.

"Dick Dareall, once more I ask you if you will surrender?" Hawkins asked.

"No!" thundered Dick. "And if you don't take yourself and company off this place I'll order the Swallow to fire on you. Do you understand that?"

"You had better drop this thing, captain," said Dick. "Even were it true that the man was a Yankee prisoner, I was justified in saving his life, and if you lay your hand on me to arrest me I'll shoot you dead on the spot!"

"I—I—shall report to my superior officer and follow his order," said the militia captain.

"I don't care who you report to. When you come here to arrest me, you want to bring a whole regiment with you. Now take your company off Mrs. Eldridge's farm in double quick time, or I'll order my men to give you a dose of grape and cannister."

The captain lost no time in getting his men away from the spot, and marched them out to a favorable place in which to camp. Then he sent a trusty messenger to the capital of the State, with a report to the Governor, asking for instructions. It took five days for the messenger to make the trip, and when he came back he brought a short, sharp note from the Governor, to the effect that he must arrest the offender at every hazard. Of course, Hawkins would not attempt to arrest him as long as he remained under the protection of the sailors and guns of the Swallow. He had better sense than to attempt it. But he remained in camp and kept a strict watch on the movements of the Young Buocade Runner. He was burning with a thirst for vengeance on him for the rebuke he had received at his hands. He came to the landing every day and looked on at the supplies as they were taken away under escort to the nearest railroad station. But when he learned that the Widow Eldridge had been made a rich woman by the success of the Swallow in blockade running he at once began paying court to her. The widow was pleased, and wore a continuous smile on her face. Mattie became alarmed, and said to her mother:

"Don't encourage him, mother. Now that you are rich you can very easily have your pick among high-toned gentlemen. Captain Hawkins is anything else but a gentleman. We can move up to Jacksonville and live in a fine house when you get your money and have a chance to see something of society. Just tell Captain Hawkins to go smiling somewhere else."

"Don't you fret about me, child," said the widow. "I would not have him if he were worth his weight in gold. But I do enjoy having one court me. It reminds me of my young days so much," and the widow laughed like a young schoolgirl.

One day a middle-aged man came to the landing in a carriage. He was well dressed and had the bearing of one born to command. He asked

to be allowed to go on board the Swallow and have a private conversation with Captain Dareall. Dick asked him who he was.

"That you will know when I have explained my business to you in private, captain."

"I am not a captain, sir."

"Excuse me, captain," said the stranger. "I think I know more about that than you do."

They entered the cabin of the Swallow, where the stranger threw a large, official-looking document on the table, saying:

"There is your commission as a captain in the Confederate navy, and I have some instructions for you which are too important to be put on paper."

CHAPTER VII.—The Mysterious Passenger.

To say that Dick was surprised at what the stranger said would be but a mild expression. He was more than surprised—he was astonished—amazed. He took up the document and looked over it, and, true enough, it was a full captain's commission in the Confederate navy, regularly signed by the President, Secretary of State and Secretary of the Navy.

"Where is my ship?" he finally asked, turning to the stranger.

"Your own vessel is commissioned for the present, and when a certain ironclad, now building, is completed you will be transferred to that."

"I am sure I ought to feel flattered," said Dick, after a pause, "and yet I don't see what good it will do me and the country."

"It may be of great service to you, captain. As you now stand, if you should be captured you would be hanged at the yardarm as a pirate, for firing on a vessel at sea without being commissioned. This commission would save you, and you will observe that it is dated prior to the occurrences of which I spoke just now."

"Yes, yes, I see. But will I not be subjected to the orders of every Confederate sea captain whose commission is older than mine?"

"Oh, no! You are to act precisely as a private blockade runner long as you please—or at least till you take command of the great ironclad now building in the James River."

"Very well, sir. With that understanding I accept the commission, and will try to do all in my power to prove that it has not been unworthily bestowed."

"Let me congratulate you, captain," said the stranger, as he grasped the hand of the young blockade runner. "I think you have a brilliant future before you. But let me warn you that the whole Yankee navy is exasperated at your success, and extraordinary efforts are being made to catch you."

"I am fully aware of that, sir," replied Dick. "It will be very difficult to get out again, and yet I believe I can do it."

"So do I; and I want to go with you."

"Ah!" and Dick regarded him with still more interest.

"Yes," said the man, "I am on my way to Europe on a secret mission in behalf of our country, and I must be as secret as possible in every move I make. You are entitled to know my name and rank, and I am entitled to a pledge of secrecy from you."

"You have my pledge of honor as to that, sir," replied Dick.

"That is enough, captain," and the man then placed his lips to Dick's ear and whispered a few words in very low tones.

Dick started and gazed at the man in great surprise. He had just heard a name that was familiar to the people of both Europe and America.

"You can have passage with us, sir," he said. "Thanks! I shall have to remain on board and out of sight of the people who come here as much as possible."

"The cabin is at your service, sir."

"When do you contemplate moving, captain?"

"That will depend upon circumstances. We shall get in the cargo as soon as possible, and then wait for a favorable opportunity."

Several days passed, during which time Dick took on board a full cargo of cotton and tobacco. Meeting Mattie Eldridge a day or two later, Dick whispered to her:

"We may run out any night now. If you want to write to our friend Harry, I'll mail the letter for you in Nassau or some other port."

Mattie blushed and made no reply. But Dick knew she would write the letter, all the same, and the next day she handed it to him.

"I'll see that he gets it," he remarked, as he placed the letter in his pocket.

She blushed like a schoolgirl and said, "Thank you," and then ran away again.

Dick showed his commission as a captain in the Confederate navy to some of the people who were around the landing. They soon reported the fact to Captain Hawkins, who came over and asked Dick if it was true.

"Yes," replied Dick. "Here is the commission. See for yourself."

The captain looked at it and then said:

"Yes, it's true. I have no further business here."

"No, nor did you have any before," remarked Dick. "You could never have arrested me, captain."

The captain shrugged his shoulders and turned away. The next morning the militia company marched away without its expected prisoner, and the crew of the Swallow indulged in a hearty laugh over the affair. By means of a perch in the top of a tree on the Eldridge farm Dick was enabled to see far out to sea with his spyglass. The blockading fleet had been strengthened off the mouth of the inlet by the addition of two formidable-looking warships. He consulted with the stranger in the cabin of the Swallow, and the latter advised him to be ready to seize the first good chance to get out. Of course, that was all he could do. But to get away from so many sightseers and busybodies who had come to the Eldridge landing, he weighed anchor one dark night and steamed up the river to an utterly uninhabited place. There he waited for his chance. The lookouts from the blockading fleet had missed him early the next morning, and the greatest interest as to what had become of him was at once excited.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Boy Blockade Runner Slips Away After a Storm.

While the officers of the blockading fleet were puzzling their brains over the mysterious disap-

pearance of the *Swallow*, our hero was lying low waiting for his chance to get out. At last the time came. A storm came up—a furious, devastating storm, like those that sometimes sweep over that part of the world and leave unpleasant memories behind them. Dick lay in still water, under the protection of giant live oaks, which broke the force of the wind, and listened to the roar of the elements with gleeful satisfaction.

"This will scatter the fleet," he said, "and compel the great ships to stand off. We can go out as soon as the wind goes down, if it does not hold on till morning."

The storm lasted the greater part of the night, but some time before daylight Dick saw that the worst of it was over. He gave orders to fire up, and in a little while the little craft was hurrying down the river toward the inlet. Not a soul on either bank saw it as it passed, and when the inlet was reached the roar of the ocean outside was terrible. Dick looked in every direction, but failed to see the light of a single ship. When daylight came the angry ocean was running high, but the backbone of the storm was broken. Yet not a sail was in sight.

"We are in luck," said Dick. "We came out just in the nick of time."

But ere they had made twenty miles more the hull of a huge man-of-war loomed up right in front of them.

"We must keep clear of him," said Dick, as he looked at the monster through his spyglass. "One shot from him would send us to Davy Jones in short order."

The *Swallow* turned to the left and crowded on all speed. The sea was gradually toning down into good behavior again. As a matter of course, the big ship made for the *Swallow*, but the lighter vessel soon left it far behind, and the way seemed clear to our hero to get away. But judge of his horror when another man-of-war loomed up in the horizon in front of him.

"Here goes for Bermuda and elbow room," said Dick, and he steered for the boundless Atlantic, taking a course that no blockading vessel would ever take except in a case of dire necessity.

Bermuda was reached in two days more, and the arrival of the *Swallow* created a profound impression. It was the first time a Confederate blockade runner had touched at that port, and yet the people there had heard a good deal about the daring young captain of the *Swallow*. There were a few American vessels in port, but none of the warships. The distinguished stranger in the cabin drew a long breath of relief when the *Swallow* dropped anchor in the little harbor, for he knew then that he was safe from capture. He could go ashore and take passage for England in an English vessel. The *Swallow* could also send her cargo to any northern port or to Europe. But Dick was not worried about his cargo. He knew that cotton would bring money in any port in the world, and that supplies could be obtained almost anywhere.

Ten days after his arrival at Bermuda a large United States man-of-war hove in sight and dropped anchor within a few hundred yards of the *Swallow*. It was soon known that Captain Selwyn—who had recently been promoted—was in command. Dick smiled as he looked at the great clumsy vessel, and thought of the speed his own little *Swallow* could get up when in a hurry. He

leisurely secured a cargo of such supplies as were most needed by the armies of the Confederacy—such as quinine and other medicine, and loaded up under the eyes of the man who hated him more than any other afloat. When the cargo was all on board, Dick quietly sat down and waited for a chance to give his enemy the slip. Selwyn watched him with sleepless vigilance, and Dick began to wonder if his vigilance would ever relax long enough to give him a chance to get out without being sunk by the heavy metal of the man-of-war.

He never spoke to Selwyn after he knocked him down in Nassau a few months before. But he knew that of all men in the United States navy the one in command of that ship was his worst enemy. To give Selwyn an excuse for swearing, he at last resolved to sail around the island, keeping in the limits of the neutral ground. Of course, Selwyn was amazed when he saw the *Swallow* raise her anchor and move out of port in broad daylight. But he was on the alert. He promptly raised his own anchor and prepared to follow whithersoever the saucy little *Swallow* should lead him. Dick, however, kept well inside of English waters, which prevented the man-of-war from firing on him.

The man-of-war followed along just outside British waters, ready to open fire on the *Swallow* the moment the latter passed the line. But Dick Dareall did not intend to pass the line until it was safe for him to do so, and then he was to be the best judge of the time when it came. He crowded on steam and the little blockade runner shot ahead at a rate of speed that soon began to widen the distance between her and her enemy. In a few hours Selwyn began to tumble to the racket of Dick Dareall, and was the maddest man afloat. He could not help himself, however, and saw his hated foe gradually placing the whole island of Bermuda between them. Dick saucily ran up the Confederate flag, and then set out on a straight run for the southern coast. The man-of-war followed, but the distance kept widening all the afternoon, and when the sun went down the hull of the *Swallow* could not be seen from the deck of the pursuer. During the night Dick struck out for the coast of Georgia, running with full speed and no lights. When the sun rose the next day the man-of-war was no longer to be seen, though other sails were in sight.

CHAPTER IX.—Dick Captures a Prize.

The *Swallow* was bowling along at full speed toward the Georgia coast, when a large merchant ship hove in sight, flying the Stars and Stripes. Dick was looking at the ship through his glass, when he discovered a commotion on her deck. A few moments later he observed that all sails were being set and the course of the ship changed a little.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I do believe that she is frightened and wants to get away from me. Hanged if I don't give chase and see what she is loaded with!"

He did give chase, and when he was near enough to do so he sent a shot across her bows as a signal for her to heave to. The merchantman dared not do otherwise.

"What ship is that?" Dick demanded through the speaking trumpet

"The Sea Gull of New York," came the reply. "What craft is that?"

"The Swallow, of the Confederate navy. Lower a boat and bring your manifest on board."

A boat was lowered, and the captain got in and was rowed to the side of the Swallow. When he came aboard the Yankee captain looked around him with an expression of surprise on his face.

"Why, you are not an armed vessel!" he exclaimed.

"We have all the arms we want," replied Dick.

"But a naval vessel is a warship, and you said you were of the Confederate navy."

Dick very quietly drew his commission from his pocket and showed it to him. The captain read it in amazement. He could not understand how a war vessel could be one without arms and a full complement of marines on board.

"Give me your papers."

Dick took the papers and looked over them. The Sea Gull was laden with a rich cargo, and bound from Havana to New York.

"How many men have you in your crew, captain?" Dick asked.

"Sixteen all told."

"Very well. You may go back and take all the provisions you want, and both life-boats, and leave the ship. It is only a short distance to the coast and the blockading fleet, you know."

"Yes, but what are you going to do?"

"I am going to burn the ship."

"My heavens!" gasped the captain. "I am a ruined man!"

"How so?"

"I own one-third of the Sea Gull."

"You are insured?"

"No."

"That is bad for you, then."

The captain re-entered his boat and returned to his ship. The moment he set foot on his own deck again he turned to his crew and said:

"She is a Confederate cruiser—a regular pirate—without a gun in sight. Her skipper has ordered us to leave the good ship so he can burn her. Now, what say you, men? Shall we leave the old ship, or crowd on all sail and push for the blockading fleet and let 'em fire as much as they please? We may strike one of our men-of-war in a few hours."

"Run for it, cap'en," said one of the sailors, and the next moment the entire crew echoed his words.

"Then unfurl the sails and let 'em fire!" said the brave old captain.

The sailors sprang to the task with willing hands, and in an incredibly short space of time the Sea Gull had every sail set and was speeding toward the coast, to the intense surprise of our hero.

"Oh, he didn't see enough on board the Swallow to impress him much," remarked Dick. "We'll have to give 'em proof that we did not attempt to bite off more than we could swallow," and he ordered the gunner to open fire at once.

The long steel-rifled gun soon began to bellow, and shot after shot was sent after the retreating vessel. The first two shots did no damage, but the third one entered the stern and tore up the cabin at a lively rate. Of course, the superior speed of the Swallow brought her up to very close quarters with the ship, and then her shots told with terrible effect—every one going through

and through the hull, crashing and destroying at a terrible rate. Still the stern old sea captain kept steadily on his course, making no effort to resist.

"Heave to, now, or I'll sink you!" sang out Dick.

Not a word came from the ship. But she kept plowing the sea with every sail set, and the sailors sat with folded arms waiting for the Swallow to do her worst.

"By all the fish in the sea," exclaimed Dick, "I never saw anything like this! If it were not that it would be claimed as a victory in the North, I would let the ship go."

Shot after shot was sent into the hull of the Sea Gull, and at last it was plainly seen that she was sinking deeper and deeper into the water.

"She is sinking!" cried someone on board the Swallow.

"Let her sink!"

"Send her to the bottom!"

"Give her another below the water-line!"

"Send her down quick!"

The sailors on board the ship began to pile provisions and water into the life-boats, both of which they lowered and got into while the ship was going with all sails set. The crew of the Swallow cheered as they sent shot after shot into the ship, not only while the crew trod her deck, but after she had been abandoned. One of the life-boats drifted back to within one hundred yards of the Swallow, but our hero took no notice of them. He was determined to make sure of the destruction of the ship, and thus inflict that much loss on the commerce of the enemy. Suddenly a wild cheer was heard coming from the two life-boats. Dick scanned the horizon, and saw the black hull of a huge man-of-war looming up behind him. It was Selwyn who had followed him from Bermuda.

"Ah, I am glad of that!" exclaimed Dick. "He is just in time to see the ship go down, and yet be utterly powerless to save her."

The Sea Gull sank deeper and deeper in the water, and the crew of the Swallow watched her with intense interest. By and by she made a plunge—bow foremost—and went down with all sails set.

CHAPTER X.—A Long Chase—A Prize.

The Swallow was up and away at full speed ere the big man-of-war could get in range of her. A shot was sent after her, and a deep boom came thundering over the water, but the ponderous ball sank into the ocean at least a mile in the rear of the little craft. Dick laughed.

"Selwyn is mad enough to bite the point off his anchor," he remarked, "but he'll be madder still when the press gets after him about letting the Swallow race him around the island of Bermuda."

Dick saw the man-of-war pick up the crew of the ill-fated Sea Gull, and imagined the tale that was told the young captain. But he did not have very much time to reflect on the matter. Another war vessel—a trim-looking little craft, not much larger than the Swallow—loomed up on his star-board bow. It was flying the United States flag, and bearing down upon the Swallow at full speed.

"What craft is that, I wonder?" he asked, looking at his pursuer through a spyglass.

"She is a good sailer," he observed, "and we'll have to do some good running to get away from her."

The course of the Swallow was again altered so as to give a wide berth to the newcomer. Then the chase commenced. The Swallow turned southward and hoped to give the pursuer a dodge in the night that would enable her to get away and out of sight entirely. The sun sank down into the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and Dick, as he looked at this new foe, could not say that he gained an inch on him. All night long the Swallow continued on her course southward, and when daylight came there was the strange vessel still in her wake—no nearer—no farther off. All day long the two vessels kept on their way southward, neither gaining nor losing, and when night came on again they were about the same distance apart. The twilight shut out the view again, and then Dick turned and made due east, leaving his enemy to pursue a southerly course, as he had been going all day. During the night, when he had made about fifty miles, Dick tacked about and steered westward toward the American coast again. When morning came the pursuer was no longer to be seen.

"He kept on south," said Dick to his second in command, "and has found out his mistake by this time. It won't do him any good, however; he can't catch up, for his speed is about the same as ours. I wonder where that vessel was made? I thought the Swallow was the only one of her build and speed. Somebody must have gotten her model at Nassau and had one built on the same plan. Well, I'm glad they didn't beat us in the matter of speed."

Being far out at sea now, our hero did not expect to meet any war vessels. But he was in the road of the South American line of merchantmen which plied between New York, Boston and the Brazilian ports.

"I'd just like to strike one of those big coffee ships," said Dick, "and get a few hundred bags to take into the Confederacy. Coffee is something our boys in camp are hankering for."

Later in the day he espied one of the very ships he was wishing to see, in the distance on his starboard bow. He lost no time in making up to it and ascertaining the destination and character of the ship and cargo.

"Take to your boats!" he ordered. "The ship will be fired at sunset!"

There was no help for it, and the crew at once proceeded to obey the order. When the crew had abandoned the ship, Dick sent men on board and had about 100 bags of coffee transferred to the Swallow. Then he ordered the splendid ship to be fired just at sunset.

"There is a man-of-war coming up," he said to the captain of the crew. "But if you prefer it, I will take you to a neutral port and leave you there."

"I prefer to wait for the man-of-war," said the captain of the merchantman.

"Very well—you have your choice."

Precisely at sunset the ship was set on fire. An hour later every part of it was ablaze, and the spectacle was a grand one, lighting up the sea for many miles around. The Swallow steamed away and left the crew of the burning ship hovering around the spot, where they were picked

up the next day by an American ship and carried to New York. The second capture of rich prizes was soon known in the North, and the name of the Swallow at once became a terror to merchantmen. Dick knew that unless he got into port pretty soon he would have such a swarm of armed vessels after him that escape would be impossible, and so he again made for the coast from which he had been driven, and several days later succeeded in running the blockade before a southern port and entered the harbor, where the captain and crew were received with joyful acclamations.

CHAPTER XI.—The Warning of Danger.

The fame of the young blockade runner was now fully established, and everybody in the South believed in his lucky star. But when they learned that he had captured and burned and sunk two rich prizes, they sang his praises as a hero, and demanded of the government that he be given the best ship in the Confederate navy. While all this was going on our hero was busy unloading his saucy little vessel and disposing of the cargo. As everything belonged to him personally, except the 100 bags of coffee which had been taken from one of the prizes, he was now very rich. The coffee he sold and distributed the proceeds among the crew. He also paid them up in full, according to promises made when he made his first attempt to run the blockade—double wages in the event of success. As soon as he was unloaded he proceeded at once to take on another load of cotton, in order to be ready to sail when opportunity offered. Of course, every arrival of a blockade runner was soon known to the blockading fleet outside, and to all the people of both sections.

The Federal authorities demanded the capture of the saucy little craft that was supplying the medical department of the Confederacy with supplies. The officers of the fleet felt that they were being made a laughing stock of by their repeated failures. Captain Selwyn was laughed at all over the country for being duped into the race around Bermuda in British waters. Of course, his critics did not say how he could have helped himself. Had he fired on the Swallow in British waters, and thus involved his government in a brawl with England, he would have been as severely condemned by those same critics. He was not responsible for his ship not being able to make as fast time as the Swallow. After all, the speed of the Swallow was the secret of her success. When fully loaded the Swallow was anchored out in the harbor to wait for a chance to get out. Hundreds of people came down to the wharf every day to get a glimpse of the little craft that had been so successful in defying the blockade fleet. One day a man informed our hero that a lady at one of the hotels in the town wanted to see him. He went there, and found that Mattie Eldridge and her mother were guests of the house.

"Are you living here?" he asked, after being cordially greeted by Mattie, who was the first to meet him.

"Oh, no, sir," she replied; "we came down yesterday. I saw it in the papers that you had arrived, and I persuaded mother to run down for a day or two. I—I wanted to come down anyhow."

And she blushed in spite of herself. Dick knew what had brought her, well enough. They had moved from the old plantation on Indian River to the city of Augusta since the Swallow had left the country, and she was afraid that he would not know their address. She did not mention the fact, but Dick suspected that she wanted to hear from or of Harry Stockton, to whom she had sent a letter by the hand of the daring young blockade runner. He told her the story of his adventures since leaving Indian River, and how he had mailed her letter to Harry when in Bermuda.

"Are you quite sure he received it?" she asked.

"Yes, quite sure," he replied. "I met his father and mother on board a ship as they were going up from the West Indies. He was out on the ocean somewhere going in another direction. They are fine people in every respect, I can assure you."

"Where do they live, Captain Dareall?"

"Well, since the war broke out a great many people have changed their residence. I knew Harry and his people in Annapolis, in Maryland, which is a good Southern State, you know. They have gone away to stay during the war."

He did not want to tell her that the Stockton family lived in New York State, and were valiant upholders of the Union. Under no circumstances did he want it known that he had aided in the escape of the young naval officer when he was a prisoner to the Confederacy. That would never be forgiven by his fiery countrymen, he well knew, and to have one's fidelity or loyalty questioned in time of war was to invite utter ruin. Mattie then informed him that her mother had rented her farm in Florida and moved to Augusta, on the Savannah River, where she had purchased a handsome residence and invested in other real estate.

"And we are indebted to you for our good fortune," she added, after a pause.

"Not a bit," said Dick. "If you had not made such an impression on me when you rode upon that mule, your cotton would yet be at Eldridge Landing."

"Why, what kind of an impression did I make on you, captain?" she exclaimed. "For heaven's sake, tell me!"

"Well, it was an exceedingly pleasant expression, I can assure you. When you said your father had been killed in battle, and that your two brothers were in the army, and that your name was Mattie Louise, I surrendered at once. Do you know that name of Louise did the work?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes—it is the dearest name on earth to me."

"Oh, there's another girl in that, I know!" exclaimed Mattie, deeply interested. "Tell me, who is she?" I am not in the least bit jealous."

"Ah!" said Dick, shaking his head. "She doesn't know it herself yet, and it won't do to tell the secret to some other girl first, you know."

"You don't believe a girl can keep a secret, do you?"

"I know that some can and also that some cannot. But I'll prove that one man can by not saying another word about it."

"Whew! That is dismissing the subject with a vengeance!" she cried. "Well, I won't say any more about it, except that I shall pray always that you may win her and be as happy as the days are long."

"Thanks, a thousand times! If you have a few more bales of cotton when I return from the next trip I shall be only too happy to run them out for you."

"Oh, how very kind of you! I shall try to have some when you come back."

That evening Mattie and her mother returned to Augusta, and Dick made his way back to the Swallow. He had scarcely reached the deck ere he heard the sound of oars coming from the direction of the wharf. Turning to his second in command, he said:

"Keep a sharp lookout," and went below.

Pretty soon he heard his lieutenant sternly demand:

"What boat is that?"

"A rowboat from the wharf," was the reply.

"What do you want here?"

"Here's a man who wants to see Captain Dareall."

"Who is he?"

"I am a friend," was the reply, in another voice, "and want to see the captain on important business."

Captain Dareall was sent for, and he came up and ordered that the man who wanted to see him be allowed to come on deck. The stranger soon climbed up on deck and looked around as if about as anxious to see the craft as her captain.

"Well, sir," said Dick, "what do you want of me?"

"Are you Captain Dareall?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"Then I have something to say to you in private," said the stranger.

"Come down to the cabin, then," said Dick, "and tell me what you have to say," and he led the way below.

The stranger followed him, and when they were alone together in the cabin, he said to him:

"You are to be attacked tonight by two boatloads of sailors from the blockading fleet. They will come with muffled oars and swarm over your deck like rats. Then they will take the vessel out to the fleet."

"Who are you, sir, and how did you get your information?" he asked.

"Never mind who I am. I have been sent to tell you this that you might be on your guard."

"Ah!" and Dick gave him a keen, searching glance, which the man returned unflinchingly.

"You will let me return now, will you not?" the stranger asked.

"Yes, and deliver my regards to the one who sent you. If we ever meet again, give me your hand and call me 'friend.'"

"I will," and the stranger went on deck again, entered the boat and rowed away in the darkness of the night.

CHAPTER XII.—The Night Attack on the Swallow.

When the stranger was gone our hero paced the deck of his staunch little craft, pondering over what he had just heard. Somehow he could not bring himself to doubt the truth of what the man had said to him. It was natural that the enemy should take extraordinary steps to capture him and the Swallow.

"A daring man could take two boats full of sea-

men," he reasoned, "and slip past the forts on a dark night like this, board any unarmed vessel, overpower the crew and then glide out to the blockading fleet. By George, I wonder it has not been attempted before this! It's not a difficult thing to do, after all, if one has the nerve to do it. I'll have the two guns loaded with grape and cannister and get up steam at once."

He astonished the men by the order he gave. "Get up steam as quick as you can," he said, "and load the two pieces with grape and cannister."

They didn't know what to make of it, but like good and faithful men they obeyed promptly. In an hour's time the steam was strong enough to send the craft flying in any direction. He dared not let his men know that he had received any warning, for fear that it might not amount to anything after all. And yet, if it proved to be true, he would not care to compromise his unknown friends by saying that he had been warned by anyone. But he told his second in command that he had reason to believe that parties would try to board the Swallow and capture the crew. "Keep a close watch—particularly from the outside."

The lieutenant was watchful and courageous. He did not know what fear was, and Dick knew that his keen judgment could always be depended on in any sudden emergency. Hour after hour passed, and our hero still paced the deck. The watch wondered why he did not turn in and take his usual sleep. Presently the sound of muffled oars came from the direction of the wharf. Dick was surprised. He did not expect them to come from that direction. But a minute or so of reflection told him that the man in command of the expedition was a shrewd, sharp man, who believed in doing well whatever was worth doing. The natural inference in one's mind on board the Swallow would be that people coming from the shore would be friends—coming from the other way they would be enemies.

"It was a good dodge," said our hero, to himself, "and well executed, but I don't think it will work. I'll put the gunner in his place."

He hastened down to where the gunner was lying asleep by his piece, and woke him up. In a few words he told him his suspicions, and then quietly called up the others, cautioning them against speaking above a whisper. Then he went back on deck and peered eagerly out into the darkness.

"What boat is that?" he demanded as soon as it was near enough to be seen.

"We are friends from on shore," came from one of the boats.

"Stand off—sheer off! We don't want any friends around at this hour of the night."

But the boat did not stand off, and the next moment Dick called out:

"Sheer off, or I'll fire!"

Five seconds later the young hero called out: "Fire!"

The faithful gunner had his piece pointed and ready for instant use, and in another second a terrible charge of grape and cannister was dumped right into the nearest boat. The destruction was simply awful, as the boat was not fifty yards away.

Half the crew were killed or wounded, and the

boat so badly damaged that it began to fill with water instantly. Quick as the wheels could move her the Swallow turned around, so that the gun in the stern could be brought to bear on the next boat, and another discharge tore that to pieces and mangled nearly half the crew in a horrible manner. Then came cries of distress from the wounded in the sinking boats.

"Help! We are sinking!" came from some of them.

"Silence!" ordered a stern voice in the sinking boat. "Swim forward and board the pirate!"

Dick had his crew on deck in another minute, and as fast as the enemy climbed up the sides of the vessel they were knocked on the head and sent back into the sea as food for sharks.

The fight was short and decisive. A dozen or more cried for quarter, and were allowed to come on board two or three at a time, where they were seized and bound. When all were secured who came on deck, Dick called out:

"Are there any more who want help? Sing out, and we will do the best we can to save you."

A few wounded men called for help and a boat was lowered to go to their assistance.

They were picked up and cared for, for they were as brave a lot of men as ever trod the deck of a ship.

"Where are your officers?" Dick asked, looking over the batch of prisoners.

"They are killed or drowned," said one of the men.

"I am sorry, but I couldn't help it, of course. What ship did you come from?"

"The Agawam, sir," replied the man who had first spoken.

"Ah! Is Captain Selwyn in command of that ship?"

"Ay, sir."

"Why didn't he come after me?"

"I don't know, sir. Lieutenant Besson had command of the boats."

To save himself any further risks that night, Dick steamed up above the harbor—going into the river above the town and dropped anchor in the middle of the stream. There he remained till morning, attending to the wounded prisoners as tenderly as if they were his own faithful fellows. There were about twenty prisoners—as many as his entire crew. Some of them were badly wounded. Two of the wounded died about sunrise, and were buried on shore with care and not a little sadness over the death of such brave fellows. The prisoners were turned over to the military authorities, to whom an explanation as to how they were captured was given.

CHAPTER XIII.—Our Hero Plays an Old Dodge on the Fleet and Gets to Sea Again.

The midnight attack on the Swallow and awful punishment of the assailants was heralded throughout the South, and our hero was lauded to the skies as the coming man for the Confederate navy, and again a strong demand was made on the government at Richmond that an armed ship be given him. But there was no ship to be given him. The Confederacy had to build or buy, and that took time and money. What few that were already afloat were under the command of

gallant officers, whose records and actions were as good as his.

Dick's father came down to see him.

The old man was proud of him, and told him that he would yet go to the head of the navy, when the independence of the South was established. But the incident made a deep impression on the mind of our hero. He saw that the scheme for his capture was the work of Captain Selwyn, who was thirsting for revenge for the knock-down he had received in Nassau, months before.

"How I would like to meet him with a vessel equal to the *Agawam*," he said. "He is pursuing me everywhere I go. If I meet him in a neutral port again I'll pull his nose and force him to fight."

But who had given him the warning? That was a puzzle. Somebody from the fleet had done so, and yet that seemed a most difficult thing to do.

"It's a mystery which I would give much to have solved," he said. "I hope that treachery on board the *Agawam* will not be suspected. It has given me a lesson, for I'll never lie in port again without being prepared for an emergency. I believe Selwyn is capable of playing me that trick in any neutral port, and then swear that he knew nothing about it. Oh, I'll see if I can't show him a trick worth two of that some day."

The blockading fleet was increased outside the harbor, and bets were made among the officers that the *Swallow* had run the blockade the last time. Dick inspected every point for many days, and was bothered to know how he could get out. Every avenue of escape seemed to be hermetically sealed, and he went back to ponder over the probable length of his enforced idleness. At last he hit upon a plan which he was resolved to try. There were a number of old schooners and sloops in the port which had been lying idle there for a number of years—ever since the blockade began—and were rotting away.

One of these he bought for \$1,000 and repaired so as to make it appear as seaworthy. Then he went to work and secured a half dozen reckless men who were ready for any kind of a desperate undertaking. They were to man the schooner and make an attempt to go out on the south side on a dark night, while the *Swallow* would go out on the upper side of the harbor at the same time. He hoped that the diversion created by the schooner would enable him to pass out unseen. The six men agreed to make the attempt for two hundred dollars each in gold. Dick deposited the money in the hands of a trusty bank for them, which they could claim at any time after they had performed their work.

Of course, they would be captured, but they cared little for that. As they were not in the service of the Confederacy, they knew they would not be very harshly treated.

When everything was ready Dick took the men on board and gave them their instructions. The night was dark and the wind favorable. The schooner sailed out and made a feint of trying to creep out along the south shore. To the surprise of everybody, the schooner made a number of miles ere she was discovered. But the moment she was seen every officer in the fleet believed that she was the *Swallow*. They made all haste to surround her, each vessel sending out a peremptory demand for her to heave to, under pen-

alty of being sunk instant. The schooner halted, and an officer and a boat-load of men pushed off to board her. All that took time, and so did our hero. He steamed right straight out to sea, while the blockaders were huddling around the poor little schooner miles to the south of him. When the character of the schooner was ascertained the officers were astonished. There was no cargo on board.

"Where in blazes are you going?" an officer demanded.

"We wanted to go down among the islands and fish," was the reply. "We ain't going to run the blockade. We haven't anything on board, you see. Besides, we ain't fools enough to go to sea in such an unseaworthy craft as this."

"Well, it strikes me that there is a fool in this thing somewhere," remarked the officer, shaking his head, "and I am not sure that it is not myself."

After detaining the schooner an hour or two the officer sent the supposed fishermen back in a boat and took charge of their worthless vessel. The men landed about daylight and went in search of the *Swallow*. She was not at her moorings. Nor was she anywhere in sight. She had skipped away to sea, and the blockading fleet was left again. Several days passed, and as nothing more was heard of the *Swallow*, the banker paid the men the money that had been deposited there for them.

Of course, the officers of the fleet soon saw how they had been fooled by the young blockade runner, and they kicked themselves almost to death for being such silly geese. The trick was as plain as a man's nose on his face, and yet they did not tumble to it till the *Swallow* was safe at sea.

CHAPTER XIV.—The New Man On Board.

Once more out at sea our hero felt jubilant over his successful trick.

"It cost money," he said, "but it was cheap enough when one counts the risk to be run. I'd give twice the amount rather than lie there in port another month or so. If we make Nassau or some other port all right this cargo will bring an immense sum. My, how mad Selwyn must be this morning when he finds the *Swallow* has slipped through the fleet and is out to sea again. He knows full well that pursuit is useless—that the *Swallow* can go faster than any vessel in the fleet. But he will be the maddest man in the fleet. He would give more to see me a prisoner on the deck of his ship than any other man. I believe as between Jeff Davis and myself it would give him more satisfaction to see me captured, particularly if he could capture me himself."

The *Swallow* made direct for Nassau, and in two days and nights reached that port, to the surprise of everybody in the place. They knew that extraordinary efforts were being made to capture him, and that the chances of his getting out again were largely against him. Yet here he was in port with a full cargo of cotton, and English and Yankee speculators were on hand to buy every bale of it. It was sold even before a single bale was taken out of the hold, and transferred a day or two later to an English vessel. Then he was ready to lay in a cargo of supplies.

He had agents in his employ who soon secured the most valuable cargo he had ever carried out of that or any other port. Warned by his narrow escape on the night of the attack in Brunswick harbor, he cautioned his officers not to allow any strangers to go on board the vessel.

"They are in the humor for any kind of a trick now," he said, "and we must be careful that we are not made the victims of one."

One day one of his men came to him and said: "Captain, I want to resign from the Swallow and go to England."

"The deuce you do!"

"Ay, sir. My mother lives there, and I have not seen her for years. She is very old now, and somehow I can't shake off the feeling that I ought to go to her just as soon as I can."

"Well, I won't say you are wrong, Hardin. I like to see a man remember his mother and look after her in her old age. But I can ill spare you. You are one of my best men, Hardin."

"Ay, sir. I'm sure I tried to be one the best, sir," and he blushed and looked confused as he stood there twirling his cap in his hand.

"Go to the purser and get your pay to date."

Hardin went at once to the purser, and was paid off in full, after which he took his money, which amounted to considerable, and left the vessel. An hour later a dark, swarthy-looking sailor appeared to our hero and said:

"You have lost a hand, captain. I am an old salt, and I want to take his place."

"Ah!"

"Ay, sir."

"How did you hear that I had lost a man?"

"A crew of us were taking on a cargo of grog last night, sir, and one of the men said he was going to leave you and go to England, and so I waited till he had been discharged to ask for his place."

"Where do you hail from?"

"New Orleans. At least that is where I was born, and my parents live there yet."

"Then you are a Southern man?"

"Ay, sir, but of Spanish descent."

"What is your name?"

"Pedro Gonzales."

"How long have you been in this port?"

"A month, sir."

"What doing?"

"Waiting for a chance to get back to my old home."

"Then you only want to ship for this voyage?"

"No, sir; I want to remain with you as long as you like. But I want to go to New Orleans for a few days after we land on Southern soil."

"General Butler is in control of New Orleans," remarked Dick.

"Ay, sir, but I won't mind that if once I can get into the country."

"Well, come back here tomorrow, and I'll see if we shall need you. You are an able seaman?"

"Ay, sir."

The man went away without saying another word, and Dick sent for his second in command and said:

"Hardin has left us and is going to England."

"Ay, sir."

"Do you need another man in his place?"

"Ay, sir—if we can get a good one," replied the lieutenant. "Hardin was a good man, sir."

"Yes; I was sorry to part with him. I have had an application from a man named Pedro Gonzales, who says he is an able seaman and that he was born in New Orleans. Shall I employ him?"

"Ay, sir—if he is all right."

"Well, I don't know whether he is all right or not. We shall have to watch any new man we take on till we find out just what he is."

When Gonzales returned he was employed and told to be on board in the afternoon of that day. He seemed very much pleased, and thanked the captain very cordially, and then went away after his chest. But when he came he did not have any chest, but a bag, something unusual for a sailor. Dick, the lieutenant and the first mate noticed the bag.

"No chest, captain," remarked the first mate to our hero.

"I guess he has spent all his money here and had to sell his chest to pay his board," remarked Dick.

That did not satisfy the mate, but he could say no more at the time. He went about his business, however, and kept his eye on the Spaniard. Whenever he could do so without attracting attention the mate watched the movements of Gonzales. Dick lost no time in getting away from Nassau, as he was afraid a United States man-of-war might put in an appearance before he got away. The next night after Gonzales came on board the Swallow weighed anchor and sailed out of port. When the sun rose the next morning she was out on the billowy sea making full headway toward the southern coast. There were several sails in sight, but our hero had no time to waste on any of them. He was anxious to get as near the coast as possible before another night came on, as he would then have a chance to slip into some port undiscovered. They were sailing along at a fine rate of speed, keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy, for they expected every moment to sight one or more men-of-war. Suddenly the engineer ran up on deck, and startled the entire crew by yelling out:

"We are sinking—the hold is filling with water!"

CHAPTER XV.—A Traitor On Board.

The sudden appearance of a volcano in mid-ocean would not have astonished the captain and crew of the Swallow more than did the announcement of the engineer that the vessel was sinking. Dick sprang forward and clutched the engineer by the arm.

"Tell me truly," he said, "is there any water in the hold?"

"Ay, sir, several feet of water," replied the engineer.

Dick rushed below to see for himself. It did not take him long to find out that it was true.

The water was slowly gaining, too. He turned pale, and for a moment or two was undecided what to do. But he wavered for a few moments only. Then he seemed endowed with a terrible energy that surprised even the crew. He gave orders with an emphasis that meant instant obedience or death. No time was wasted in trying to find out where the leak was. Sails were ordered to be drawn over the keel of the vessel from stem to stern, and the work was done

promptly. Then the pumps were set going with all the vigor that steam could give them. In two hours the pumps had reduced the water in the hold about an inch. Then they knew that the sails had covered the leak. Steadily the pumps worked, and the volume of water gradually decreased, till the cause of the leak could be found.

"Great heaven!" gasped the mate, when he made the discovery that the vessel had been scuttled. "There is a traitor on board!"

"What's that?" Dick demanded.

"There's a traitor on board, sir," repeated the mate. "The ship has been scuttled."

"Scuttled! The Swallow scuttled!" and Dick almost leaped out of his clothes as he spoke.

"Ay, sir. There's five holes bored through the bottom."

"Who is the traitor?" and he gazed around at the blanched faces of the crew. All of them save Gonzales had sailed with him from the day he first trod the deck of the gallant little craft, and together they had passed through many perils.

How could he doubt one of them? He could not, and so his eyes sought those of Gonzales'.

That dark-visaged man returned his gaze unflinchingly, with not a tremor of a muscle. Dick went down and inspected the holes that had been bored through the bottom of the vessel. It was done by some one who had access to that part of the hold where the freight had been stowed last. The traitor had selected a spot where he could work without being seen, as a little nook had been left between a couple of huge boxes, which no motion of the vessel could disturb. After taking a good look at the holes, Dick went up on deck again, leaving the ship's carpenter to do the repairing. He consulted the lieutenant.

"Do you suspect the traitor?" he asked.

"No, I do not," the lieutenant replied. "We know all our men save one, and we have no reason to suspect his fidelity."

"But still there is a traitor on board."

"Ay, sir, and I'd like to swing him up to the yardarm."

"He'll swing there—never fear. No man can play me a trick like that and get away," and the flash in Dick Dareall's eyes told that he meant business that would be serious to some one on board the Swallow.

The carpenter soon repaired the holes and made all safe and sound again. Dick racked his brains pondering on the incident. It is a very uncomfortable feeling that follows a knowledge that there is a traitor near who stands ready to betray you at any moment. Dick knew that it was not impossible that some of his crew could be corrupted. He also knew that the Federal government would give many thousands of dollars to send the Swallow to the bottom of the sea. But he knew all his men to be faithful fellows save Gonzales. Of him he knew nothing. So far he had no fault to find with him. Still, the ship had been scuttled and it was necessary that the traitor should be found out. Dick began to investigate, and in making inquiries soon learned that the traitor had covered his tracks so well that no proof of his guilt could be found.

"He is still on board," said Dick, "and if he is not found he will play us the same trick again. The next time he may succeed in sending the vessel to the bottom. I don't know of but one

man on board whose fidelity I could not vouch for. Gonzales is a new man, and one I know nothing about. But I am going to make him believe that I have reason to believe him the guilty one. If he does not confess I'll let him go when we reach port. If he does, he'll swing at the yardarm."

The ship's carpenter went to work with a will and in a little while had the holes plugged and the damage repaired as much as possible. After that was done, Dick ordered the canvas to be drawn up and left on the deck to dry before rolling up again. During that time Dick kept his eye on Gonzales, and two or three times he saw him glancing uneasily at him from out of the corner of his eyes. Approaching him, he said:

"Gonzales, you are a prisoner!"

The dark-visaged man started, and said:

"Very well, captain."

"You know what for?"

"Ay, sir. You think I scuttled the ship."

"So you did," said Dick, very firmly, looking him full in the face.

"I did not, captain."

"But you did. I have positive proof. You shall hang within two hours from this minute," and Dick looked at his watch as he spoke.

Gonzales turned pale, but for a moment. Then he was as self-possessed as ever, and seemed to take his situation as a matter of course under the circumstances. The crew were amazed at the discovery of the traitor, though they were equally astonished at the mysterious way in which the captain had gone about getting at the facts. They little dreamed that Dick was as much in the dark as they were as to who the traitor really was.

When the two hours were up the crew was piped on deck to witness the execution. The lieutenant had charge of the execution, and the prisoner was brought in irons to the place where he was to swing off into eternity.

"Gonzales," said the captain, addressing the prisoner, "you shipped on board this craft in the place of one the best seamen that ever trod the deck of a ship. You came on board the Swallow for the purpose of scuttling her. You were hired to do it. Your name is not Gonzales, and you are not a Southern man. So you see, I have got you down pretty fine. Now, you have just five minutes to live. If you have anything to say you had better say it now."

Gonzales gazed at the young captain in silence for a minute or two, and then said:

"I will not say that I am guilty; you know that already. I am ready to die for my country, as thousands of other and better men than I have done. I am a loyal American, and I hate rebels and traitors. I did not come on board this craft to scuttle it. I took the chances in a desperate game and lost. Do your worst. I am not afraid to die."

"Very well. Will you answer me one question?" Dick asked.

"I will not promise."

"Did Captain Selwyn send you on this errand?"

"I will not answer that question."

That was all. Dick turned away, and a minute or two later the traitor was strung up to the yardarm. In a little while he hung limp and lifeless and the Swallow was avenged.

"He was a brave fellow," said the lieutenant when he reported to Captain Dick that the man was dead.

"Yes, a brave, daring fellow," returned Dick, "and I am sorry we did not learn who he was, or who sent him on such a dastardly mission."

"What shall we do with the body?"

"Tie a hundred weight of coal to it and let it go to the bottom."

It was done, and then the crew turned to their usual duties as though nothing had happened to disturb their serenity. But the incident caused our hero to think for a long time over the difference between personal and political hates.

"I am quite sure that Selwyn is at the bottom of the attempt to scuttle the Swallow," he said, after thinking over it one day. "If I ever meet him again I shall accuse him of it, and pull his nose in the bargain, if he gives me occasion to."

CHAPTER XVI.—The Swallow Sinks Another Vessel.

After the hanging of Gonzales, our hero turned his attention to his business of getting into a Southern port with his cargo of very valuable goods.

He approached the coast of Georgia and South Carolina again, but found the blockading fleet altogether too watchful for him to do so. The Swallow was discovered off Charleston and an immediate pursuit began. The same vessel which had given our hero such a long chase down into the Tropics was again sent after him, and in a little while Dick saw that he would have another long race. Dick was angry.

"If I only had a warship," he said, "I would meet that fellow in a death grapple, and not be running away from him. It is humiliating to thus be compelled to be running away every time I see an armed vessel with the Stars and Stripes at the masthead. Southern man as I am, I love that old flag yet, and shall always believe that it was a great blunder for the Confederate States to adopt any other. All over the South are old soldiers who fought with Scott and Taylor in Mexico. It is impossible that they can ever hate the old flag. Davis himself, and nearly every military leader in the South, fought under it. It was a mistake—an awful blunder. But we are fighting for a principle—not a flag. That's the way we have to look at it, and if we——"

"There's a sail on the starboard bow, sir!" called the second in command, as he saw the captain seated in the cabin lost in reverie.

"Ah! And one astern that won't be shaken off," remarked Dick, as he arose and went out on deck.

The sail proved to be a merchantman beating northward, and it was quite plain that it would come to very close quarters with the Swallow if both kept on as they were then going. Dick was nothing if not audacious. He ordered the guns of the Swallow, which she carried concealed under deck—one in the stern, and the other in the bow—to be made ready to salute the merchantman as soon as they were close enough to him.

When within a quarter of a mile of the merchantman the steel gun under the bow of the Swallow sent a shot right through his side about a foot above the water-line.

"That was well done, Mr. Tichenor!" cried Dick, who stood with glass in hand watching the effects of the shot. "Give him another like that!"

Another shot was sent with still more damaging effect, as the two vessels were now much nearer each other.

"Give him a sinker this time!" cried Dick. "We are near enough now."

The third shot was given when the two vessels were not more than one hundred yards apart. The effect was awful. The shot went clear through the merchantman and plunged into the sea beyond. The fourth shot was given when the two crews were in pistol shot range of each other, and the ball struck at the water-line and went out several feet below on the other side.

"We surrender!" cried the captain and crew. "Don't fire again."

As the Swallow went past the merchantman the gun in the stern gave him a parting shot that sent the water pouring into the hold. Cries from the crew of the doomed ship told our hero that he had done his work well, and that the vessel was sinking.

"That will give the man-of-war something to do, maybe," he said, "for he won't leave the crew to save themselves as best they can, surely."

He under-estimated the hatred he had excited in the breast of the enemy, for he was astonished at seeing his pursuers pass the sinking ship whose crew was then taking to the life-boats. By and by he saw the ship make a lurch and go down, and only the man-in-war was in sight.

"We must keep up the run till we can dodge him at night," said our hero, as he looked at the pursuer through the ship's glass.

When night came on the clouds that loomed up in the southeast assumed a threatening aspect. Soon after dark set in the storm burst upon both vessels, now but a few miles apart. Yet in all the darkness and the roaring elements our hero determined to turn and run before the storm, notwithstanding it would blow him right in the direction of New York—a very dangerous locality for him.

All night long the storm raged with tremendous force, and the Swallow traveled at least two hundred miles ere the sun rose again. The man-of-war was nowhere in sight, and so our hero turned southward again, wishing to get as far away as possible from the northern coast. Several days passed, and our hero found himself off Wilmington, North Carolina. The storm had damaged one of the blockading vessels there to such an extent that it had to go north for repairs. That left only one vessel there to guard the spot. Dick waited till night, and then hugged the shore so close that he got in without being seen by the enemy. The good people of Wilmington were astounded when they woke up and heard that the famous young blockade runner had come into their port during the night. Great excitement followed, and many hundreds of people went down to the docks to look at the famous little craft. The news flashed all over the South that the Swallow had run the blockade again, and the president of the Confederacy sent his private secretary down to Wilmington to see him on secret business. To him Dick made a detailed report of his voyage.

"And you say you sank a Yankee ship while

being chased by a man-of-war?" the private secretary asked.

"Yes, and you are at liberty to question any of the crew about the particulars. They all saw the ship go down. We dodged the man-of-war during the night."

"Do you mind telling me the secret of your uniform success, captain?" the secretary asked.

"No. I think it is due to several things. In the first place, the Swallow is a better sailer than any craft in the Yankee fleet, and then we have been careful to keep out of range of their big guns. One shot would sink the Swallow, or else tear her all to pieces. Added to that is a crew of brave, active, faithful fellows upon whom I could rely at all times."

The story of the scuttling of the ship was published in every paper in the South, and great indignation was expressed by some of them over that kind of warfare.

But Dick laughed and said that all was fair in love or war; that the Swallow was still safe, and the man who scuttled her had been eaten up by the fishes.

Of course, the news reached the North that the Swallow had again run the blockade after sinking a merchantman at sea, and great blame was attached to the blockading fleet for not at once concentrating for the capture of the audacious craft.

During the next two weeks Dick was busy disposing of his cargo, and taking on a load of cotton. He had hundreds of offers from speculators all over the South to furnish him cotton. But he went into the open market and bought all the cotton he wanted at one dollar a pound in Confederate money, which he could sell in Nassau at 40 cents a pound in gold. Reckoning Confederate money as being worth at the time about two cents on the dollar, his profits were immense.

When the cargo was all safely stored on board, our hero began to watch for an opportunity to get out. The blockading fleet had been increased to five ships of the line now, and were so close together that he would be obliged to pass under the guns of one or two of them if he dared to make the attempt.

CHAPTER XVII.—Dick Crosses the Atlantic.

"If I don't get out soon," said Dick to himself, "the Swallow may be captured by the land forces. Oh, if I had command of a great ironclad I believe that I could go down the coast and sink every blockading vessel in the fleet. They promised me the command of the great ironclad now building on the James River below Richmond. But there is six months' work to be done on her yet. There's no telling what may happen by that time. Three years of the war have passed and I am nothing but a blockade runner yet, though I am a commissioned officer in the Confederate navy. Well, well, I suppose I'll have to bide my time. Over a dozen of the boys of my class at Annapolis are full-fledged captains with men-of-war."

Dick was not happy over the way things were going, and was anxious to get to sea again. At last the opportune time came. A tremendous storm came up one night, the wind blowing off shore.

"I'll go out now," he said. "If they see us the waves will toss both about so much that the chances are largely in our favor," and he ordered the anchor drawn up.

Everybody thought it sheer madness for him to go out in a storm like that, and it did look that way. But his plan was eminently successful. The storm drove the ships out to sea, and with three of them it was even chances about their surviving the night. Dick rode at full speed before the storm, and when morning came he was leagues away in a tempestuous sea, but as staunch as ever. During the day the sea subsided, and it soon became smooth sailing. He made up his mind to cross the Atlantic and dispose of his cargo in London or Liverpool. The trip across the ocean was devoid of incident, and in due time he reached Liverpool. His appearance there created much comment and excitement, as it was expected that he would turn up either at Nassau or Bermuda, or perhaps Havana. His cargo was quickly snapped up by English cotton buyers, and then he set about securing a cargo of goods most in demand in the South. While he was taking his cargo the secret agent of the Confederacy—the mysterious man of distinguished appearance who once ran the blockade on board the Swallow—called on him. The moment Dick caught sight of him he sprang up, grasped his outstretched hand and exclaimed:

"I am glad to see you, sir."

"Thanks, captain," the mysterious man returned. "I am very glad to see you. I came to congratulate you on your remarkable success in running so often through the blockading fleet. The fame of your exploits has gone all over Europe, and you may rest assured of a high position in the Confederate navy—a commodore or an admiral—after the war ends."

"Have you heard the latest news from the war?" Dick asked, looking the man in the face.

"I hear all that comes across the water," was the reply.

"Do you still believe the South will succeed in conquering?"

"I do."

"Well, I don't," said Dick. "Vicksburg and Gettysburg, and Sherman's march to the sea, through the heart of the Confederacy, means that the end is near. The South is exhausted. She can't hold out much longer. Her treasury is bankrupt with no assets, and the currency is worthless."

The man looked at the young hero in profound silence for a minute or two, and then said:

"That is no worse than in Washington's time. Lee is a second Washington, Davis will have to give way to him, and then the tide will turn."

"No, sir; Lee is only a great soldier. He is not the man for Davis' place. Napoleon said that Providence was generally on one side of the heaviest artillery, and I think he was right."

"You are the first Southern man I ever heard talk that way," said the Confederate agent.

"I would not talk that way to any other but you," Dick added. "I think you ought to know the situation."

"I know the situation well enough, but am more hopeful of the future than you are."

"Yes, I wish I could be as hopeful as you are," said Dick, "but I can't. The enemy are too num-

erous—at present they have ten men to our one. Why, they have no less than seven great armies in the field, and we have but three.”

“It was worse than that in Washington’s time,” remarked the agent.

“So it was, and I fear that unless we have a Washington to pull us through we will go under.”

“Be more hopeful, captain. When you get your ironclad you will not—”

“Ah! There is where a fatal mistake has been made,” said Dick, interrupting him. “Had there been more energy in the naval department, and a few more vessels like the Merrimac put into service we could have sunk the blockading fleets and bombarded every northern port, and thus compelled an acknowledgment of our independence.”

“It is not too late yet for that. The great iron boat that is being built on the James will eclipse the Merrimac in every respect.”

“Too late—too late,” said Dick, shaking his head. “Grant is giving the Confederacy all it can do to keep him out of Richmond. They have no time to build a navy now.”

Just at that moment two visitors came in and the conversation became more general in character. Suddenly the lieutenant came in with great haste, exclaiming:

“The Agawam is coming into port!”

“Ah, that’s Selwyn again,” said Dick. “I should like to meet him in an open sea with a vessel of equal size.”

“He has evidently come after you,” remarked the Confederate agent.

“I don’t fear him in the least—either on land or water,” said Dick.

The man-of-war anchored within two hundred fathoms of the Swallow. Dick immediately ordered the Confederate flag to be run up to the masthead, and thus boldly defied his enemy. Several days passed, and one evening the two captains met face to face on a public street.

“Selwyn, I hanged your man at the yardarm of the Swallow. He was a braver and better man than he who sent him to scuttle a ship.”

“I don’t know what you mean, Dick Dareall,” said Selwyn. “I don’t want to have anything to do with you on land. Meet me at sea and—”

“That is the invitation of a coward. Look at your vessel and then at mine. Yet all the fleets of Yankeedom have not been able to catch me, and I have sent some of your best merchantmen to the bottom. It remained for you to send a traitor to enlist on board my vessel and scuttle her at sea. He did the work you laid out for him, but it was discovered in time to save the vessel. For that dastardly deed I denounce you as a scoundrelly coward.”

Selwyn’s hand sought his sword. So did Dick’s. But for the interference of bystanders they would have fought then and there. Both went to their vessels, however, and Dick determined to leave port at once. The Agawam was ready to sail, too, and both moved out of the port at the same time. But Dick did not intend to leave British waters till he was beyond the range of the guns of the man-of-war. Just as he had attained his object he was dumfounded at seeing another man-of-war come up in his front.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The Young Hero’s Father On Board.

He crowded on all the steam the boilers could give and started to run the gantlet. Both vessels, as if astonished at his temerity, at once began to act in concert. The Agawam was out of range. Her shots could not quite reach the Swallow, though Selwyn opened fire in the hope that a shot might reach him and do some damage. The other vessel was much nearer, and the first shot went shrieking uncomfortably close to the smokestack of the Swallow.

“Had that shot been twenty feet lower,” remarked Dick, “it would have ended the career of the Swallow.”

“Yes,” said the lieutenant, “and the next one may do that very thing. Here it comes now.”

A white puff of smoke from the side of the man-of-war told that another shot was coming. In another moment the report and ball reached them. The ball went over their heads as the other one had done, and our hero exclaimed:

“I hope they will keep that gunner at his post as long as possible. He could not do us better service if he were on board the Swallow.”

“Here comes another!”

This time one of the spars were carried away by the shot.

“Cut away the damaged sail and put up a new spar!” ordered Dick, as coolly as if he were only on an ordinary excursion.

The sailors went to work with a will to repair damages, though the shots came faster from the enemy than ever. One shot came so close to one of the men on deck that the wind of it knocked him down. But not a man flinched. They worked like beavers, and in the meantime the vessel plowed her way through the water at the top of her speed.

“Steady, men!” cried Dick. “We are getting out of range. A half hour more and their shots can’t reach us.”

On, on she went, and the two men-of-war crowded on all steam and sail and went in pursuit.

“A stern chase is a long one,” said Dick, “and they’ll have to go around the world several times to catch me.”

The day passed and night came on—bright with all the twinkling stars of the heavens. But the shadows shut out the view of the two pursuers. When the run rose again the Swallow had gained at least ten miles on her pursuers, and as the day wore on the big black hulls sank lower and lower in the water.

“We shall lose sight of them tonight,” said Dick, “and see them no more unless we should meet on the Southern coast somewhere.”

Of course, having heard that the Swallow was last seen in Liverpool, none of the blockading fleet would expect to see her turn up along the gulf of Florida coast. But that was just what happened. Dick decided to glide up the coast at night and make for Indian River inlet. The night was dark and threatening and the Swallow had to throw out the lead continuously to avoid getting too near the land. But the two vessels guarding the inlet did not suspect the presence of a blockade runner at that point or date. The

blockade running business had been pretty well broken up by this, and hence the necessity of vigilance did not exist.

The Swallow crept in, and when morning came she was anchored way up the river behind the great forest of live oaks. The news soon spread far and wide that the famous Swallow was again in port, and the excitement was general, particularly in the medical department of the military service. Having an immense supply of medical stores on board, Dick notified the department at Richmond, and an agent was sent to take charge of them. The agent came with an escort and a train of army wagons. In a few days the stores were paid for in gold, and the wagons, under a strong guard, set out for the interior. Dick took in another cargo of cotton along the river, and then prepared to run out again. To his surprise, the two vessels outside had not been reinforced, when he had been ten days in port.

"Maybe they have other more important things to look after," said Dick, "and I guess they have. The Confederacy is going under fast. Lee can't hold Richmond under such pounding as Grant is giving him. When Richmond falls the whole country will be demoralized and all the important points will be in possession of the enemy. What will become of me, I wonder? They hate me about as much as they do Jeff Davis, because I am too saucy for a small fry. Well, I'll get out with another cargo, and then wait and see what the result will be. I've left money enough in the Bank of England to enable our family to live, even if everything at home is lost."

A day or two after he had taken on board his last bale of cotton he was surprised to see his father come on board.

"Ah, my boy!" exclaimed the irrepressible old Secessionist, embracing his son. "I am glad to see you!"

"And I am glad to see you, too, father," replied Dick, wringing his father's hand. "How is mother and all the rest?"

"She is well, but very much depressed. She fears that the South will be conquered. But she doesn't understand the pluck of our people, my boy. When the South is conquered there will be but few men left in it. They will die in the last ditch—die like brave men."

"Mother is right, father," he said. "The whole world is fighting the South. England favors us from a political standpoint, but the moral sentiment of the British people is against the institution of slavery. I tell you, it is physically impossible for the South to hold out against the odds against her. I am putting away money on the other side of the water so that we may all have something to live on when the end comes. Sell all the negroes and turn the money into gold."

"Never! I'll go down with flying colors, if we go down at all," said the old man.

"Very well. I hope you may not get hurt in the smash-up. I wish I could take the whole family with me on this trip. I'm afraid that on my return the Confederacy will be no more."

"Don't you believe anything of the kind, my boy. Sherman's march to the sea isn't so bad after all, when you look at it from——"

"Bah! What's the use of closing your eyes to the truth, father? How long can Lee and John-

ston hold out against the great odds arrayed against them? Better prepare for the worst at once."

CHAPTER XIX.—The Terrible Work of a Shell.

The easy escape of the Swallow from Indian River inlet did not attract any particular attention from the Northern press at the time, because such momentous events were transpiring on land that the escape of a little blockade runner was an insignificant affair.

But our hero was glad of it, all the same, and pushed for Nassau with all the speed he could command. He did not care to go to England; that was too far away from the active field of strife to suit him. The time might come at any day now when he would be required to assist his family to leave the South and seek refuge in some foreign land.

At Nassau he succeeded in getting into port, and was welcomed by the Southern sympathizers on the island. The cargo of cotton was quickly disposed of, and then he lay at his moorings as if undecided what to do. The big sum of money which the last cargo of cotton brought him was placed in a bank there, and he did not care to take the chances on another venture. But such was the universal belief in his good luck that a number of capitalists bought a cargo of medical supplies and induced him to make one more effort to run through.

"It is more dangerous now than ever," he said. "Even though we may get through, the country is in such a condition that the chances are that you won't find gold enough to pay for your goods."

"We'll take the chances on that!" said they, and preparations for the start were made. There was no war-vessel outside at the time, and so the Swallow went out in open daylight. But the next day out our hero saw the water alive with war vessels. There were five of them in sight at one time, with numerous other sails. The Swallow was not suspected at all for a time, as she did not carry the Confederate flag. Dick tried to get away from such dangerous company, and when he tacked about he was suspected. Instantly the enemy began signaling, and in a little while the four great war vessels were after him.

"Now we are in for it," he said. "Two of those fellows are in deadly range of us. Our safety depends altogether on the skill of their gunners."

Boom! boom! boom. The great guns began to loose their thunders, and the shrieking shot and shell began to fly uncomfortably close to the Swallow. One cut away one of the masts, which fell overboard with a crash.

"Cut away that wreck," ordered the young captain, as coolly as he would have ordered the launching of a boat.

The sailors sprang to their work as if there was no danger near. They cut and worked like beavers, and in a little while the wreck was cleared away. But the heavy shots continued shrieking about the little craft, and at last a ball came that killed two of the crew—the first life lost on board the staunch little craft.

"Boys, this is hot work," said Dick, "but I'd rather go down with the ship than surrender."

The brave crew cheered him.

"If we slip through this we shall have glory and honor enough."

They cheered him again.

"Shall we stick to the ship or go down on our knees to the enemy?"

"Stick to the ship! No surrender!" the entire crew shouted at the top of their voices.

"Give 'em a few shots in return!" cried Dick.

"They can but sink us."

The port-hole under the forward deck was thrown open and the long steel-rifled Napoleon gun began sending shot after shot into the hull of the approaching vessel. Loud shouts of laughter were heard on board the man-of-war as the huge vessel rushed on the little craft. The officers and crew were laughing at the idea of the Swallow returning the fire of the monster war-vessel with a pitiful six-pounder. But every shot of the six-pounder struck the other at short range, and as it was a wooden vessel, the shot played havoc inside.

"Give 'em shell at short range!" called out Dick, and the gunners proceeded to put in shell instead of solid shot. Dick had to be lively to avoid being run down. He managed to steer clear, and the monster ship passed him so close that the officers discharged their pistols at the crew of the Swallow. Before the gunners could prepare to give the little craft a broadside she was astern of her. Then Dick saw the name of the man-of-war on the stern. It was the Agawam. Selwyn was about to get him in his power after all. Dick gritted his teeth and ordered his gunner to give him a shell from the Napoleon gun in the stern. The shot was given, and the shell penetrated the stern of the Agawam and exploded in her magazine.

"My heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is a naval battle after all! What lucky star is it that lingers over this little craft? Who would have dreamed of such a thing?"

The other man-of-war thought the Agawam had blown up by accident and sent boats to rescue the sailors and marines who had escaped death from the explosion. While the boats were picking up the men who were in the water the Swallow crowded on all steam and got beyond the range of the big guns ere the enemy was aware of it. Then the entire fleet present began a hot pursuit. Dick saw them coming, and said:

"We are in for it. If we can reach a neutral port it will be the best thing we can do. Those fellows will never forgive me for the work of this day."

But the Swallow was hurt. She could not make the same speed that she had been able to make when her mast and sails were in order. Now the mainmast had been shot away, and she had to depend upon steam alone.

"We may not be able to shake them off," said Dick to his lieutenant, "but I guess we can keep this distance between us, anyhow."

CHAPTER XX.—The Last Cruise of the Swallow.

When the sun rose the next morning the five vessels were in about the same position as when the stars came out the night before. Dick was crestfallen on making that discovery. He had hoped that a gain of a few miles might be made

during the night, but he was doomed to disappointment.

"Keep up, men!" he said. "The world will ring with your praises in getting out of such a place as that was yesterday. For a little craft like this, the property of her captain, to sink such a man-of-war as the Agawam is glory enough for one man. If we escape alive, I'll give each one of you a gold medal commemorating the event."

"Sail ho!" cried the man aloft.

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the day.

"Two points off the starboard bow!" replied the man above.

"What is she?"

"I can't make her out yet, sir."

"Well, watch out for her and report."

"Ay, sir."

And a fight it was. But it was useless. The warship was too powerful. A broadside finished the Swallow.

The crew looked on with silent interest, having full faith in their brave young captain being able to extricate them out of any place they might get into. Dick ordered the ship to tack so as to give the stranger a wide berth. But the pursuers signaled to the newcomer, and he crowded on both steam and sail to get squarely in the pathway of the Swallow.

"It's no use," said Dick. "We'll have to fight again or surrender."

"Fight till the ship goes down. Then they'll take us on board," suggested the lieutenant.

The wreck began to fill with water, and in fifteen minutes it went down, leaving a score of men swimming for their lives. Boats came from the victor, and the brave fellows were picked up and tenderly cared for. When Dick climbed up on the deck of the warship he was startled at hearing his name called, and, looking around, found himself face to face with Captain Harry Stockton, whose life he had once saved in Florida.

CHAPTER XXI.—Dick Meets Captain Selwyn Once More.

The meeting of the two young captains was dramatic in the extreme. They were both near the same size and age, brave daring and chivalrous. Dick sprang forward the moment he recognized his former friend, grasped his hand and exclaimed.

"Of all the officers of the American navy, I would prefer to surrender to you, Harry Stockton. There is my sword. I surrender, because I have no other recourse."

"Keep your sword, Dick," said Harry. "I don't want it. I hope you are not hurt." and the brave young Union commander shook the hand of the bold blockade runner with an energy that startled the crew.

"I am only wet—that's all," said Dick. "That broadside gave us all a first-class ducking."

"Well, the broadside was first-class, too, was it not?"

"Yes, in every respect. One shot would have been enough, had it struck us. The Swallow was as frail as a rowboat."

"I knew that, but I wanted to make sure that

you didn't put the laugh on me as you did Selwyn."

"Ah, Selwyn! I guess he is out of service now."

"How so?"

"A shell from one of the Swallow's guns blew up his magazine, and——"

"Good heavens!"

"Yes, we exchanged a dozen shots or more."

"Dick Dareall, you have been the luckiest man of this whole war," said Harry Stockton, as he looked at the bold young blockade runner.

"I believe I have, Harry, and yet I sometimes think I have been the unluckiest."

"How so?"

"Why, in not being able to get command of a man-of-war vessel. One is building for me on the James. But if I could have had command of an ironclad like the Merrimac I would have cleared the coast and battered Washington down, to say nothing of all the other cities on the Atlantic Coast."

"Well, I am not so sure of that, though I am glad you did not get such a vessel. Come to my cabin and I'll see if we can't find a suit of dry clothing for you."

By the time they were dressed several boats from the other war vessels came up with the commanding officers, who wanted to hear about the sinking of the Swallow and the loss of life. They had witnessed the destruction of the blockade runner, and saw a number of men taken up out of the water. The officers came on board and were introduced to our hero by Captain Stockton. Dick bowed, but did not offer his hand to any of them until they did so themselves. "You are a pirate and ought to be hanged at the yardarm," said one of the officers.

"Am I?" Dick coolly asked.

"Yes, you know you are."

"I beg your pardon. I don't know anything of the kind."

"Yours was not a warship."

"No, only a blockade runner."

"Whom did it belong to?"

"It belonged to me."

"So you have been waging war on the United States in an individual capacity, have you?"

"Oh, no. I am a captain in the Confederate navy."

The officers laughed incredulously. Dick had always carried his commission with him. When he took off his wet clothing he laid the commission on the table in the captain's cabin to dry. He turned away and disappeared in the cabin. In another minute he returned with the wet document in his hands.

"Here is my commission," he said, showing it to the group of officers. "It is not a very good condition, but it is a commission, all the same."

"Where is the Confederate navy?" one asked, in such a sneering tone that Dick wheeled and found himself face to face with Captain Selwyn, of the ill-fated Agawam.

"That is a question which I cannot answer," Dick replied. "But if there is a man in the world who ought to respect the Confederate navy, it is yourself."

"No, sir. I have contempt for it," retorted Selwyn, who felt the sting of the remark.

"Have you?"

"Yes, and of Confederate officers."

"That is bad for the Confederate officers. They can stand it, though, I guess."

"Standing room should not be allowed them. They ought to be hanged as pirates. As you claim to have a commission, you are in a measure protected by it. But you are a pirate, all the same."

"I don't think that history will so classify me, captain," said Dick, very mildly. "On the contrary, it will record that the Swallow, a very small vessel, armed with two six-pounder Napoleon guns, ran the blockade for nearly three years, and played hide-and-seek with a number of the best war vessels of the American Navy. It will say that Captain Selwyn, of the man-of-war Agawam, after trying in vain to capture the Swallow, sent a spy on board of her for the purpose of scuttling her—that he did scuttle her, nearly sending her to the bottom, and was found out and hanged to the yardarm. That the little Swallow afterward met the great warship, fought her, and sent her to the bottom of the sea. That is to be my place in history, rebel though I may be."

"You made that charge once before, Dick Dareall, and now to your face I denounce you as a liar!"

Quick as a flash did Dick spring forward, and ere any one could interfere to prevent it he planted a blow between Selwyn's eyes that laid him out at full length on the deck. Instantly there was the wildest sort of commotion on board the ship. Officers crowded around the prostrate man, while others angrily menaced our hero. Dick was in a terrible rage, but did not once forget that he was a prisoner.

"Put him in irons!" suggested one of the officers.

"Hang the pirate!" cried another.

"Gentlemen," called out Captain Stockton, in loud tones, "Captain Dareall is my prisoner. Moreover, I am his friend. When I escaped from Andersonville and was recaptured down in the swamps of Florida he recognized me as a friend, took me away from my captors, put me on board his vessel, ran the blockade and set me free in Nassau. The man who insults him insults me."

CHAPTER XXII.—Our Hero as a Prisoner of War.

The story told by Captain Harry Stockton was dramatic indeed. The brave officers of the navy stepped forward—the majority of them did—and offered their hands to Dick. But Selwyn and a few others would not be reconciled. They declared that he was a pirate, who ought to be hanged without benefit of clergy. Selwyn vowed that he would have satisfaction if he had to resign from the navy in order to do so.

"You need not do that," said Dick. "I would not fight you under any circumstances save to kick or thrash you as I would a blackguard."

Selwyn drew his sword and was about to rush upon him, when Harry sprang forward, sword in hand, and confronted him.

"Captain Selwyn," he exclaimed, "you will fight me!"

"I have no quarrel with you, Captain Stockton," said Selwyn, suddenly halting and lowering the point of his sword.

"Shall I give you cause to quarrel with me?"

Your conduct is unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. I must request you to leave my ship at once. If at any time you should want satisfaction at my hands, I shall be happy to accommodate you."

Selwyn turned away and left the ship, accompanied by two other captains, who were as bitter toward the prisoner as he was himself. By and by the other officers returned to their ships, and our hero was left alone with Captain Harry Stockton.

"Dick, they would hang you if they dared to," said Harry.

"Yes, I believe they would, Harry. They have reasons to hate me, for I have worried them not a little in the last two years."

"So you have. You have ruined Selwyn forever. I don't think he will ever get another ship. When you ran him around Bermuda and then walked away from him every man in the navy laughed at him, and the press lampooned him, from Maine to California."

"Do you know the people of the North will be very glad to hear of your capture, Dick?"

"What do they think of me, Harry?" Dick asked.

"They think you are a rebel, a traitor, and one of the most daring sailors in the world."

"But do they look upon me as a pirate?"

"The majority of them do, as the Northern press always speaks of you as one. You see, they don't know that you have a commission in your pocket."

"Yes, yes, that's so; but it's awful to know that one is considered a pirate by anybody," and Dick looked sad and gloomy as he sat there in the cabin with his old chum and friend.

"Oh, that will all change when they know the truth," said Harry.

"Well, what should one care, anyhow? I shall live in my own country, and——"

"We are to live in the same country, Dick," said Harry, interrupting him. "The Confederacy will not live six months longer."

"I fear you are right."

"I know I am, Dick. The North has unlimited resources, while the South is exhausted. It is only a question of time. The moral sentiment of the world is against the institution of slavery."

"I am convinced of the truth of that, Harry, but still we have the same moral right to set up for ourselves that our forefathers had."

"True enough; and yet we have the same right to say that the union of the States shall not be broken. We are fighting not so much to destroy slavery as to save the Union. The institution is doomed, though, as the cause of all the trouble."

"It will kill my father," he said. "He will die of a broken heart."

"I hope not. Such things do not occur often."

"You don't know him, Harry. He hates the Yankees more than any man I ever knew. But then I have enough in the Bank of England to pay him for the loss of his slaves."

"Blockade running has been profitable, has it?" Harry asked.

"To me it has. This is the only disaster I have met with."

"And you only had two guns?"

"That was all. A single shot from your ship,

or one like it, would have sunk it any day in the week."

"And yet you sank several merchantmen and one man-of-war?"

"Yes. Somehow I can't help thinking that if I had been in command of a good stout ironclad ship I could have raised the blockade of every Southern port."

"I've no doubt you would have done a great deal of mischief," said Harry, "and I am glad you did not get such a ship. I am sorry that I cannot give you your liberty as you once did for me. The circumstances are different, you know."

"Yes. I don't expect it, Harry. All I ask is to be treated as a prisoner of war."

"That you can rest assured of. As long as you are on board my ship you shall be treated as my brother. If I could do so I would gladly put you ashore."

"I know your position, Harry, so don't worry," said Dick. "See that my men are not ill-treated. They were not mustered into service, you know, and hence cannot claim protection."

"Don't say anything about that and the truth may never be known."

During the evening Dick went among his men, who had been picked up out of the water with himself, and told them that they would be treated as prisoners of war, and that as soon as they were free again they could call on him for one year's pay.

"Shiver my timbers, mates," exclaimed one of them, as the prisoners crowded around their young leader, "if all pirates are like him, I'd like to serve under one."

CHAPTER XXIII.—Conclusion.

Captain Stockton sailed for New York with his prisoners, from which place he would send a report to the Secretary of the Navy of his important capture.

On the way he and Dick Dareall had many conversations about the old days at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. One day Harry asked his prisoner:

"Do you know what has become of Mattie Eldridge?"

"Yes. She is living in Augusta, Georgia."

"Married?"

"No. The family moved there after they received the profits of their cotton which went through the blockade."

"Ah! They are well fixed, then?"

"Yes—rich, in fact."

"I am glad of that. She is one of the sweetest girls I ever met."

"She is deserving of all that can be said in her favor, Harry. Did you ever get a letter from her?"

"Yes—the one you mailed to me at Bermuda. But I have had no chance to reply to it. Communication is entirely cut off, you know."

"Yes. She would be glad to hear from you, Harry."

"Do you really think so, Dick?"

"I do. She would like nothing better than to get a letter from you, though she does not know that you are in the service."

"Doesn't even know that I am a Yankee, does she?"

"I don't think she does. Still I don't think

that would make any difference with her. She likes you, and that is the main thing, you know."

"Do you think she would marry a Yankee, Dick?"

"Yes, if she loved him."

"Well," said Harry, after a long silence, "I shall go and see her after the war ends."

During the day Dick ventured to ask if Louise Stockton ever mentioned his name after she had learned that he was in the Confederate service.

"Oh, yes!" Harry replied. "She always said that it was quite natural that you should go with your people and fight for your interests."

In due time the ship arrived in port, and the news that the Swallow had been sent to the bottom of the ocean and her intrepid commander was a prisoner spread over the country in lightning flashes.

The next day after the arrival of the ship in the harbor Harry received a note from his mother that she and Louise were at a hotel upon Broadway. Harry told Dick about it.

"Will they come on board, Harry?" he asked.

"Yes, I think they will, after I have seen them."

"Well, present my regards, and say that I would like very much to see them."

Harry went up to the hotel to see them, and when he returned, a few hours later, they accompanied him. When they entered Harry's cabin Dick was there. He sprang to his feet, doffed his hat, and made a profound bow.

"Why, Mr. Dareall!" exclaimed Mrs. Stockton, advancing and offering her hand.

"Captain Dareall, mother," said Harry.

"Captain, you don't know me, do you?" Louise asked, as she came forward and offered him her hand.

"Do you think for a moment that I could have forgotten you?" he asked, as he grasped her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"So you two boys have been fighting each other?" said Mrs. Stockton.

"Yes, like bad boys," said Dick, "and your boy won the fight. He is the worst of the lot."

"Well, I am glad he won as long as he did fight, and still more glad that neither of you were hurt," said the proud mother.

"So am I, mother," said Louise, "and I hope they won't ever fight any more."

"Of course we all hope that. The war should never have commenced. It was altogether unnecessary. But it had to come, I suppose."

"What will be done with the prisoners you brought in, brother?" asked Louise.

"I really don't know," he replied, "but I think they will be treated just like other prisoners of war."

"Don't you think that you could influence the military authorities to let Dick remain out on parole, in view of his assistance to you when you were a prisoner in the South?"

"I really don't know," said Harry, "but I will try it, anyhow."

"Of course you will. You could not do less," said Louise.

During the day they had a chance to be alone together a few minutes. Dick seized the opportunity to ask:

"Louise, have I fallen so much in your estimation that I cannot hope to win the love that I once believed was mine?"

"Do you love me, Dick?"

"Yes, Louise, I love you above all the world. Though my country and people are ruined, I am not. I have more than enough for us both. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Dick," she answered, "for I have loved you since I first knew that you cared for me."

Harry and his mother were pleased when Dick told them of the engagement between Louise and himself.

"So we shall be brothers after all, old fellow," said Harry, shaking his hand.

"Yes, and I am sorry I have no sister whom you could love. But then your heart goes South, anyhow, I believe."

Harry said nothing about where his heart was, but lost no time in making a statement to the President of how Dick had befriended him when he was a prisoner in the South, and asked that he be allowed to go on parole instead of being locked up as a prisoner.

The President granted the request, and Dick then took up his residence in New York, to remain till he was exchanged or the war ended. But the war soon ended.

Several months passed, and the thunders and smoke of battle had cleared away. Dick took a trip South to see his parents. He found them in the depths of despair. Everything had been destroyed on the once magnificent plantation. Not a house or rail had been left, and the once docile slaves had flown like birds whose cage doors had been left open.

His father threw his arms around his son's neck and groaned:

"All is lost! I am ready to die now!"

"Never mind, father," said Dick. "I have more than you lost. You can build up your waste places again, and I am going to marry the sister of the man who sunk my ship and captured me. So you see things are not so bad after all."

A year after the war ended Dick married Louise Stockton, but not till he had advertised for and obtained the address of every survivor of the Swallow's crew, to whom he paid a year's wages, thus enabling the poor fellows to start in life anew.

Next week's issue will contain "THE RIVAL NINES; or, THE BOY CHAMPIONS OF THE REDS AND GRAYS."

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AL, THE ATHLETE, OR, THE CHAMPION OF THE CLUB

By R. T. BENNETT

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"You see," explained the waif, "I was a prisoner of the tramps, and we traveled at night to avoid the heat of the sun. We were passing the rear of this house when we saw that fellow come out of a window, which was open. Scotty said he was probably a thief, and advised all the hobos to run, as he feared that we might be taken for the burglars and get arrested. This fellow ran in one direction, and we went in the other, until we reached the spot in which Mr. Adams found me, where we made our camp. I know this boy is the one because I saw his face."

"Then what happened?" asked the sleuth, persuasively.

"You know how Miss Harlow brought me here and fed and clothed me? Well, when she mentioned the robbery to me to-night I told her what I had seen, and she knew who the real thief was by my description of him. Then she made me come down here and tell you what I knew."

"If this little fellow has made no error," said Mr. Harlow, "it would seem as if Drew were the culprit, and threw the blame on Adams in order to shield himself."

"Mr. Harlow," exclaimed Drew, excitedly, "would you take the word of a nameless young tramp, whom your daughter picked up at the roadside in company with a gang of professional hobo, in preference to my assertion? Remember, sir, I am the son of William Drew, the richest man in Midwood, and that I have no reason to rob people for money."

This argument might have shaken the old banker's suspicion of Drew had not Jennie interrupted hurriedly:

"Everybody knows that you have been such a spendthrift that your father publicly announced that he was going to cut off your allowance. As you were used to having all the money you wanted to gratify your wishes, it would naturally drive you to desperation when you found yourself penniless. To gain money you might be tempted to descend to burglary."

"By jingo!" exclaimed the detective, admiringly. "Your daughter has put up a good argument, Mr. Harlow!"

"Hanged if I don't agree with her!" the banker blurted out.

"Then you all believe I am a common burglar?" Drew asked, bitterly.

"Yes!" declared the old gentleman, banging the table with his fist.

"Can you prove my guilt of having robbed you?" sneered Drew.

"The evidence of this poor little fellow might convict you," was the reply. "But I should want something more positive were I to put you in court. There is a certain element of doubt about

the case, and I am inclined to give you the benefit of it. I don't wish to disgrace you and your family unless I can show beyond a shadow of dispute that you really were guilty of robbing me."

"Thank you for nothing!" sneered the young rascal, although he had a wild, hunted look on his twitching face. "And now I suppose I can go?"

"Yes, you may go! And never enter this house again, sir!"

The slinking young wretch cast a wistful glance at Jennie, for he was very much in love with the little beauty, and now thought he was losing every chance he ever had of calling on her again.

The thought that Adams might now have her all to himself was galling to him, and it brought a savage scowl to his brow.

He paused in the doorway and shook his fist at Al.

"Blast you!" he screamed, in a sudden fit of rage. "You have turned the tables on me with the aid of a young brute whom you found in the company of ruffians, and I'll never forgive you for it!"

"Shut up and clear out, while you have the chance!" said Mr. Harlow.

"Oh, I'll go!" snarled Drew, fiercely. "But I'll get even with Adams, if it takes a lifetime to do it! Remember, you upstart, my father is rich, and with the aid of money I can crush you—crush you! Do you hear?"

He was so infuriated that he raved at Al and with a muttered threat he suddenly turned on his heel and rushed from the room.

A sarcastic laugh from the young athlete followed him.

When Al faced the banker again Mr. Harlow was holding out his hand in the friendliest way imaginable, and said in feeling tones:

"Al Adams, I have grossly wronged you!"

"You had cause to suspect me, sir," was the generous reply.

"Will you forget it?"

"Most decidedly, sir," heartily answered the boy, gripping the old gentleman's hand.

"We are all liable to make mistakes. However, I am glad you learned the truth about me. I would not have lost the friendship of your family for anything."

And as he spoke he cast a grateful glance at the now smiling face of Jennie, and added:

"And I can thank you for my vindication!"

"I've got a new piece of music in the parlor, Al!" she laughed. "Will you come and listen to it? You said you loved music."

"Of course I will," was his eager answer. And as he followed her from the room he heard Mr. Harlow say:

"Mr. Fox, follow young Drew and see if he has got the booty stolen from my house. If you can fix the guilt upon the young cub, put him in jail! Any fellow who tries to incriminate a guiltless boy to save himself from a deserved prison isn't worth being pitied."

The little waif followed Al and Jennie from the room, and when they were in the handsome big parlors he went up to Al and said:

"It was good of you and your friends to save me from those tramps. Mr. Harlow has given me a hope here now, because Miss Jennie asked him to, and he is going to send me to Claghorn Academy when the term begins."

"Good! Good!" laughed Al. "And I am going to

take you into our athletic club and see if I can't build up that weak little body of yours and make a healthy man of you!"

"Oh, will you?" eagerly asked the little chap.

"I would be so glad. I have always been a sort of delicate fellow, and it would be such fun to belong to an athletic club! Perhaps, then I might get strong and rugged, as other boys. I always wished I could get some athletic training. Miss Harlow has been telling me what a lot of fun you have in your club, and what a fine healthy lot of boys the members are."

"Yes, all the Midwood Junior boys are as tough as pine knots. We have a baseball nine that has beaten all the local teams this season, except the Mercurys. If we win the game to be played on Saturday we will have the amateur championship of the State."

"Golly! I hope you will win."

"You had better go and see the game. It's going to be a hot one."

"I intend to take him," said Jennie, with a smile. "I wouldn't miss that game for anything, Al."

And there was not a more enthusiastic rooter in Midwood for the home team than this pretty little miss, either!

"You said you came from New York?" questioned Al of the boy.

"Yes; I lived in a flat with a Mrs. Drew."

"Mrs. Drew! Is she any relation to William Drew, the cotton mill owner?" asked Al. "I mean the father of the boy you accused of being the thief that robbed this house."

"Has Jim Drew's father got a cotton mill?" asked the boy, eagerly.

Why, yes.

"Then he must be Mrs. Drew's husband!"

"What!" gasped Al, in amazement.

"Well," said the little chap, "I often heard Mother Drew say that she did not live with her husband on account of his cruelty to her. And she told me he has a cotton mill and sends her money every week."

Al and Jennie exchanged glances of surprise.

"So!" said the young athlete. "Did she say she had a son named Jim?"

"Of course she did!"

"That settles it, Jennie!" laughed Al. "We have accidentally unearthed a family secret of the Drews. Every one in the town thinks that Drew's wife is dead, and here we find that she is living in New York, being supported by her husband!"

"How queer!" commented the girl, thoughtfully. "Bud, what relation are you to these people anyway?" "No relation, I guess," answered the boy, shaking his head. "I have always lived with Mother Drew as long as I can remember. But several times when she got real mad at me she said I was nothing to her, and that she only kept me because her husband paid her to do it."

"Then you don't know who your parents are?"

The waif opened a little gold locket he took from his pocket and showed them a portrait it contained of a very handsome woman.

"Mrs. Drew said this was a picture of my mother," he said, simply.

The moment Jennie's eyes rested on the picture she gave a scream.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "That's a picture of my mother!"

At that moment Mrs. Harlow came into the room greatly excited.

CHAPTER V.—A Startling Disclosure.

The banker's wife was a large, fine-looking woman with gray hair.

She was dressed in magnificent style, and diamonds flashed at her throat, on her fingers, and in her ears.

Her handsome face was as pale as death as she rushed forward, and grasping Bud by the arm, she turned the surprised little fellow around, and glaring into his face intently, she gasped:

"I heard your story, child! Show me that locket and picture!"

Bud handed the ornament to her, and with a wild, startled look she stared at the photograph an instant, and a cry escaped her lips:

"My child! My child!"

And the next instant she clasped the astonished little waif in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and with tears running down her cheeks she kissed him again and again.

Al and Jennie were too much surprised to speak.

But the boy finally managed to ask the lady:

"Am I your son?"

"You must be! I can see it in your features! You look like me! Jennie, Al—look! Can't you both see the resemblance?"

"The little chap certainly is the image of you, Mr. Harlow," Al admitted. "But I cannot understand all this."

"The explanation is simple. Ten years ago our baby was stolen, and we never could find him. He wore this locket at the time."

"Then you think Bud is the missing one?"

"I am sure of it. His first name is the same, but the last name is no doubt assumed. There is a mark of identification on my missing child. When a baby he was accidentally cut on the right arm near the elbow. It left a V shaped scar which will never go away."

"Is this it?" demanded Bud, baring his arm and showing a scar of exactly the shape described by Mrs. Harlow.

She gave one swift glance at it, and overwhelmed by nervous excitement, she sank into a chair, screaming:

"George! George!"

Her husband rushed in, looking alarmed. He got the story in a few words, and became as excited as his wife.

"There can be no doubt about it!" he cried. "The boy is our own!"

"Oh, how I was drawn to him the first time I saw him!" cried the overjoyed lady as she caressed Bud. "I must have had an instinctive feeling that he was my child."

The excitement lasted for some time, and Jennie kissed the poor little waif, and said with a bright smile:

"Why, Bud, you are my brother!"

"I am so glad it is so," he answered, delightedly. "I am so happy to have found out who my people are. And to know that I have such a beautiful sister is one of the greatest pleasures of all."

Mr. Harlow now turned to Al and said, with a beaming face:

(To be continued.)

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1927

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

MODERN LEGENDS

According to G. K. Chesterton, Sherlock Holmes and Peter Pan are perhaps the only two fiction characters of recent times who have become true legends. In the old days when paganism was the generally accepted religion these two glamorous figures would, he thinks, have become gods.

HERE'S A SPRING TONIC

Dr. Theodore B. Appel, of Harrisburg, Pa., State Secretary of Health, offered the following prescription today as a spring tonic:

"Restriction in the use of meat; consumption of more fruit and vegetables.

"Eight hours of sleep each night.

"Plenty of work and a goodly dash of play."

"This is nature's own program for vim, vigor and vitality," Dr. Appel said.

"It is merely common sense applied to the gentle art of living. Follow this prescription and medicine will not be required."

THINK MOTOR CARS INVENTED BY DEVILS

By the natives of Kansu, a Chinese province, foreign devils are believed to have invented and built the motor car. Ralph C. Scoville, a returned missionary, informed the Dodge Brothers' factory that the Governor of that province recently bought a Dodge car and, driven by a Russian chauffeur, startled his subjects by appearing in the streets with the strange vehicle.

At the sight of it the streets resounded with cries of "chi chae," the literal meaning being steam car or power cart.

Kansu is 1,500 miles from the nearest railroad, in the extreme northwestern section of China. According to Mr. Scoville, Dodge cars are gradually replacing mule-drawn caravans of commerce.

FLYER SAVED BY INDIANS

Harbored by friendly Indians who found him wandering aimlessly near the lower Kuckokwim River in a blinding snowstorm, C. E. Young, pioneer Alaska aviator, is awaiting better weather before continuing his interrupted attempt to ex-

tend airplane service to the isolated villages west of McGrath, Alaska.

Young left McGrath on the last leg of his flight from Anchorage to Bethel. His abandoned plane was found on the ice next day.

Airplanes and dog teams from five Alaska towns searched for the missing airman until the other night, when an Indian runner brought word that he was safe.

With the assistance of the natives Young has repaired the plane and will resume the journey to Bethel as soon as the present 40-below-zero weather is over.

KILLER OF DALTONS DIES

John Joseph Kloehr, sixty-nine, of Coffeyville, Kan., expert marksman, who gained fame when he killed three members of the Dalton gang of bank robbers here in 1892, is dead here.

Kloehr came to Kansas from Germany with his parents more than fifty years ago. He soon became known as an expert marksman, and when the Dalton gang raided the two banks here in October, 1892, Kloehr joined a posse and exchanged shots with the bandits as they ran for their horses.

He killed Bob and Grant Dalton and Bill Broadwell, leaders of the gang which had terrorized the West. Four of the civilian posse fell before the bandit fire.

He received rewards from express companies, the Chicago Bankers' Association and other protective organizations. He gave the money to families of citizens killed by raiders.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "PLUCK AND LUCK," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1927. State of New York, County of New York:—Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred Knight, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of "PLUCK AND LUCK" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Fred Knight, 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y. Editor—None. Managing Editor—None. Business Managers—None.

2. That the owners are: Westbury Publishing Co., Inc., 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.; Fred Knight, 100 per cent, 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED KNIGHT, Publisher.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1927. Victor G. A. Schmier. (My Commission expires March 30, 1929.)

Sold By His Sweetheart

My friend Thompson, the English Scotland Yard detective, whom I have mentioned before, paid me a visit lately, and he told me one of his remarkable adventures while smoking our pipes together.

Some twenty years ago, on a cold winter's night, Thompson was sent down to the city of Birmingham, from the head office in London, with instructions to work up some daring burglaries lately committed in the former city.

The principal sufferer at Birmingham was an old officer who had served in India, and who had made a large fortune there.

When Thompson arrived at Birmingham he was received by Colonel Crandall as an old merchant friend from London, and not even a hint was given as to the nature of his business at the hospitable mansion.

"I can't make out for the life of me," commenced the old colonel, "how the robbery could have been effected. There wasn't a single window or door broken open, yet all my plate, jewels and money were whipped away as if by magic; and, what is the worst of it, every guest in my house suffered as well."

"Do you suspect any of the servants?" asked the detective.

"I would as soon suspect my own daughter. All of the servants have been with me for years, and I will swear to their honesty; and I tell you I'm not easily deceived."

"Of course it would be an insult to ask you if you think it possible that any of your guests would be the burglar."

"It would be an insult. My guests are all gentlemen."

"You are acquainted with the other three gentlemen whose houses have been robbed in a similar manner?"

"Oh, most assuredly. They are all particular friends of mine."

"Then it will be necessary for you to introduce me to their houses."

"Certainly I will, Mr.—"

"Call me Larkin, if you please, while I am your guest."

The detective was not many hours in the colonel's mansion before he discovered that a charming daughter was the principal attraction there—for the bachelors, at least.

Lucy Crandall was a splendid girl in every way, not to speak of the large fortune she would receive from her wealthy father.

Among the guests who first attracted the detective's attention was a certain Captain O'Connor, a rollicking Irish soldier, who had served in India under Colonel Crandall.

It was whispered in the house that the colonel was perfectly willing to intrust his daughter to O'Connor's keeping for life, if Lucy would accept him as her husband.

The young lady was somewhat of a coquette, however, and it was said that she was partial to her cousin, Frank Crandall, a young man who was studying for the ministry, but who spent most of his time at Crandall Hall.

The detective took as much of a dislike to Cap-

tain O'Connor as he did a liking for the young student, and he mentally wished that the latter would outstrip the former in the race for the beautiful heiress.

On the third evening, as the detective was sitting in the drawing-room listening to Lucy singing, he saw the reflection of a female face in the glass in front of him.

"What's this?" said the detective to himself, as he watched the face peering in at the back window. "It is not one of the housemaids, as I know them all. I must stroll out and investigate a little."

When he reached the back of the house, he saw the strange woman hurrying away toward a row of shrubbery skirting the lawn in the rear of the house.

The woman was soon on the main road leading into the city, and the detective continued to follow her until she entered a tavern on the outskirts, which was a well-known resort of boxers and bad characters of the neighborhood.

After locating the woman, the detective hastened back to the mansion, put on a suit of rough clothes and sallied out again.

When he entered, the barroom was full of overflowing, as a "free-and-easy" was in full blast, it being Saturday night.

On looking up at the waitress, he recognized the face of the woman who was spying in at the mansion window.

"Sallie is very glum to-night," remarked a fellow near the detective.

"That's because that blasted Irish captain ain't here," replied another.

As the man spoke Captain O'Connor and Frank Crandall entered.

A special table had been reserved for them, and Sallie was soon at their side, her face beaming with smiles as she asked:

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?"

"If I had my pleasure, be the holy power, but I'd have a taste of your own sweet lips, my darling," responded the gay Irish captain. "As it is, 'I'll have to be content with a bowl of good hot punch. What's yours, Frank?"

"I'll share the punch with you."

The detective had taken good care to disguise his features before leaving the mansion, and so he was not noticed by his two fellow guests.

But there was one man in the room who did recognize Thompson, and that man was a famous London burglar named Jack Edwards, who had a bad grudge against him.

The first intimation the detective had of the feeling against him was when a great burly fellow approached him, saying:

"Blast my eyes if I don't believe you're a sneaking spy, and I can wallop the very life out of you."

The burly fellow made a blow at the detective, but the latter parried it, sending out his left at the same time, and knocking the fellow flat on the floor.

The next instant all was uproar and confusion, and at least half a dozen roughs sprang at the disguised man.

"Blood-an'-ouns! is this what you call English fair play? Six upon one! Shame! shame on you, boys! Here's to give a hand to ye, my brave fellow!"

It was Captain O'Connor who spoke, and as he

uttered the protest he dashed in among the roughs striking right and left, and sending his man down at every muscular blow of his arm.

While the Irish captain was doing his work in splendid style, the English detective was not idle. In less than two minutes they had cleared a space around them.

"Come here and take a glass with us," cried Captain O'Connor, addressing the detective. "And 'tis I'd like to see the rascal who'll say boo to you again this blessed night."

On his way back to the mansion, he said to himself:

"Captain O'Connor is a brave man, but I'm afraid he's in league with Edwards and his pals. I'll have to watch him closely. I think he's doomed."

While the detective was sleeping that night two men entered the bedroom noiselessly.

One of them advanced to the bedside, and held a moistened handkerchief to the sleepers' nose, while they proceeded to appropriate his watch and his purse.

In the morning it had been discovered that another extensive raid had been made in the mansion, and that Lucy Crandall was the principal victim.

When the detective was able to be up and around again, he found that Captain O'Connor and Frank Crandall were the only guests remaining in the house. Frank Crandall drew him into a secluded corner, saying:

"I want to speak to you on a very delicate subject."

"About the robbery?"

"Yes, about the robbery. Have you any suspicions as to who the culprit is?"

"I have."

"And so have I. I did not dare to speak to my uncle on the subject, but I will be plain with you. Captain O'Connor is one of the robbers. I am certain of it."

"What proof have you?"

"On the night of the last robbery I was not fast asleep, when I heard a slight noise in my bedroom. When I opened my eyes I saw a tall man and a low-sized, stout man near the door, and they had crape on their faces. Before I could utter a word the tall man sprang on me and seized me by the throat, and then I became unconscious."

"The fellow must be arrested at once."

"To be sure; but we must spare uncle the disgrace of arresting him in the mansion here. I understand from him that he is going to London to-morrow. Could you not go up ahead and arrest him there?"

Before leaving Birmingham the detective sent two of the local detectives to watch the captain.

On the morning after his arrival in London the detective received the following dispatch by telegraph:

"Your man is on the train due at London at 3 p. m."

Soon after the arrival of the train the gallant captain sauntered into the place, holding a valise in one hand, while the other, which was stuck in his overcoat pocket, grasped a heavy walking-stick. Before the captain could be seated, the detective arose, saying:

"Captain O'Connor, I have an unpleasant duty to perform. You are my prisoner."

"The mischief you say. What in the name of blazes is the trouble?"

The captain let fly with his right hand as he spoke, and knocked the detective clear off his pins.

The Irish gentleman was overpowered, however, after a very severe struggle.

When he was dragged before the magistrate, the charge was made against him by the detective and Frank Crandall.

When the captain's valise was opened, and some of Lucy's jewelry was taken out, he grew quite furious altogether.

On the night of their return to Birmingham, the detective and Frank were seated in the drawing-room with Lucy and her father.

They had been speaking of the damning evidence against the prisoner, when Lucy gave expression to her feelings in a loud voice, saying:

"I care not what the evidence may be, I'll never believe that Captain O'Connor could be such a base wretch."

"And you are right, young lady," cried a voice behind them, as the window was opened and in sprang Sallie, the waitress at the tavern.

"What do you want here, young woman?" demanded the colonel.

"I want to denounce a base villain, and there he stands."

And the young woman pointed at Frank Crandall.

"I mean to say—and I can prove what I say—that your nephew there is the real robber, and not Captain O'Connor, who is a brave, generous gentleman. Do you know that ring, Miss Crandall?"

Lucy recognized the diamond ring presented to her by her father.

"That crawling scoundrel there gave me that ring," cried the girl. "I was his sweetheart, and he swore he'd make me his wife; and now he comes here a-courting of you. Arrest that hound, officer!"

Three weeks after, Lucy became Mrs. Captain O'Connor; and on the same day Frank and Jack Edwards were sentenced for twenty years apiece.

WINDOWS HUNG WITH SILK HOSE

Across the windows of many kitchens there is stretched these days a small line from which are suspended lengths of silk in white, in cream, in shades of gray and tan. They are hung there every night and taken down in the morning.

This new style of curtain represents the silken hose of the women folks. Too valuable to be hung on a line on the roof, and too urgently needed to be dropped into a laundry bag to wait for the regular laundry day, they are washed out as taken off and hung in the window to dry.

Muddy crossings result in spatters. The hostelry business thrives on sloppy crossings. Every morning demands a clean pair of hose and few women can afford seven pairs for the seven days of the week, with extra pairs for an emergency. Hence the line of silken hosiery in the kitchen windows.

PLUCK AND LUCK

CURRENT NEWS

PROBLEM IN MEXICO CITY

More than 50,000 dogs in a metropolitan area of 900,000 persons—one dog to every eighteen men, women and children—have given Mexico City a problem of municipal well-being that is taxing the facilities of the Department of Health.

INHERITS EVERYTHING

Staying at home with mother, while the other children left home to become independent, won a \$6,000 reward for Miss Marie Pugh Reed, of No. 20 East Eleventh street. The will of her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Miner Reed, who died March 24, 1926, was filed for probate in Surrogate's Court. Marie inherited all her possessions.

FLIER KILLED

Jack Parks, twenty-two, stunt flier, was killed when he fell 1,000 feet from an airplane at the Monson Flying Field, near Winter Haven, Florida.

The accident occurred when Parks attempted a stunt known as "The Breakaway," in which he dangled from the wings of the plane by his ankles, held by straps.

RELIGION OF TOLERATION

Turkey is quietly teaching herself a lesson in religious toleration. Though the orders have not been advertised, it has become known that the Government has instructed all Turkish public school directors to carry out a program of religious teaching which will not only glorify the Moslem religion above all others but show also the good points in other creeds.

THE GYPSY'S WILES

Angelo Ambrose, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, had \$1,175, a modest fortune. Now he has only the fortune that a gypsy girl told. When Angelo met the gypsy one of the things she advised was that he draw his savings from the bank and have the money sewed into his coat pocket. She, herself, would do the sewing, and that would cause the money to double itself if left undisturbed a few days.

Angelo reported to the police that, when his curiosity getting the better of him, he ripped open the pocket, he found not \$2,350 but only scraps of paper.

EXISTENCE ON \$18 A WEEK

How little a family can live on under the compulsion of necessity was revealed in advance proofs from the Social Service Review, soon to be published by the University of Chicago.

The statistics were obtained by the late Dr. Leila Houghteling in a study of "the income and standard of living of unskilled laborers in Chicago." In full reports from 423 of the 467 families studied she learned that:

Seventeen family heads in 1924 earned less than \$1,000, or less than \$18 a week; ninety between \$1,000 and \$1,199; 207 between \$1,200 and \$1,499; eighty-nine between \$1,500 and 1,799; thirteen between \$1,800 and \$1,999, and seven between 2,000 and \$2,399.

FAMED CHURCH A MUSEUM

Kievo-Petcherskaya Monastery, Kiev, Ukraine, "Mother of Russian Churches," has been converted into a Soviet State Museum. Following the recent expulsion of the monks living there the Kharkov Government has installed Communist caretakers in the famous structure, which was built in 1055 by Grand Duke Vladimir.

For a small admission fee visitors may see its relics, including the seventy-three saints whose bodies lie exposed in chalk catacombs in open coffins. The eleven martyrs who immured themselves in a concrete wall also will be shown as curiosities of Russia's "period of idolatry."

FATHER SOLVES PROBLEM

The humor of the problem illustrating arithmetic is given point in France by a story which comes from Sweden. A schoolmaster is credited with receiving the following note from a mother to excuse the absence of her son from class:

"Peter has been obliged to substitute for his father, who is doorkeeper at a factory, while his father solves the problem you gave Peter.

"My boy is too young to know how long it takes a man walking at the rate of three-quarters of a mile an hour to walk ten and a half times around a field one mile square.

"My husband left early this morning, but to work the problem he must walk a long time. I hope he will get home this evening and that Peter can go to school to-morrow."

MORGAN GIVES \$200,000 FOR STUDY OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

J. Pierpont Morgan has given \$200,000 to the Neurological Institute as a memorial to Mrs. Morgan, who died of encephalitis, commonly called sleeping sickness, Aug. 14, 1925. The gift, providing for study of this strange malady, will be used for construction and equipment of a complete hospital floor, containing forty-eight ward beds, in the new hospital to be erected by the institute at the Medical Centre.

The Morgan floor will offer unparalleled facilities for investigation of the disease, Dr. Walter Timme, chairman of the Joint Finance Committee of Trustees and Medical Staff of the institute, said, and will permit the combined resources of the entire Medical Centre to be focused upon it if necessary.

The Joint Administrative Board of the Medical Centre announced \$1,008,915 had been pledged toward the \$1,400,000 needed for the new Neurological Building. Stressing the value of the proposed close association between the institute and the State Psychiatric Institute, Dr. Frederick Tilney said: "We have allowed the governor and controller of this machine which is our body to remain too long a mystery."

"Neurology must be a pioneer," he added, "in investigating the pathology of modern education, for surely there is a disease here crying for treatment and deserving a cure."

In May of last year Mr. Morgan announced he would give Glen Cove, L. I., a sixteen-acre shore site as a park memorial to Mrs. Morgan.

TIMELY TOPICS

DISCOVERS FALSE TEETH

Maria Palladozi, a cleaner employed in the Fenway Theatre, in Boston, Massachusetts, discovered on the floor of an orchestra row an apparently new set of false teeth.

CLOCK FOR CHURCH

Joseph Reeson of Benington, England, concealed the fact that he had \$750 for years while he lived in the poorhouse and bequeathed the money to buy a clock for the local church.

NEW FREEDOM

The Women's Self Government Association of Northwestern University in Chicago, Illinois, is going to let the co-eds do exactly as they please about smoking.

This became apparent when members held the meeting at which it had been announced a policy would be determined in regard to campus smoking.

KIDNAPS POLICE DOG

"Dingo," the pet police dog of the School of the Immaculate Heart of Normandy, Mo., was picked up in front of the school by a woman driving a small sedan, who then drove east on Natural Bridge, toward St. Louis.

The dog is fawn colored, standing a little over thirty inches. It was being cared for by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd while the owner was away.

BLIND PRISONERS IN SING SING

Revealing for the first time there are three blind prisoners in the Sing Sing hospital, prison attendants announced recently instructions would be given to them in some useful occupation so they may be put to work in the prison hospital.

Besides Harry Cowan, spared from execution by Gov. Smith Thursday for the murder of Miss Edith Burton, the blind prisoners are Joseph Hahn and Cornelius Lyons. They have been assigned to the hospital by Warden Lawes because it is the only place they can be kept with safety.

LUCKY FINGERS SAVE HIM

Two severely strained fingers on his right hand is all James Connolly, twenty-seven, an ironworker of No. 319 West 26th Street, has to show for a fall from the thirteenth floor of a building in operation at 83d Street and Central Park West.

Plunging toward almost certain death, Connolly clutched at a small storage platform on the tenth floor and hung momentarily. His grip gradually loosened until two fingers on his right hand were all that prevented him dropping into the maze of construction material far below.

Then he swung himself to the platform and safety while the other workers, who had stood motionless unable to aid while they watched him fight for life, cheered. They took him to the ground and Dr. Graham of Knickerbocker Hospital attended the man and took him to the hospital.

Other ironworkers said nothing but extreme fear could have prompted such a superhuman display of strength in his lucky fingers.

TALLER THAN GRANDSIRE

So far as Dr. Horace Gray, of Chicago, can make out, the average American boy today is three and one-tenth inches taller than he was fifty years ago, but for no particular reason.

Dr. Gray has written in the current Journal of the American Medical Association the conclusions of an investigation conducted for the Institute of Juvenile Research. He measured several thousand school boys and compared their heights with similar figures gathered in the public schools half a century ago.

Among probable causes for the increased stature, Dr. Gray suggested increased knowledge of vitamins and scientific strides in the control of various infantile diseases that retard growth. More comfortable economic conditions had an important effect.

Dr. Gray's investigation showed the average six-year-old boy today is about forty-seven inches tall, as compared with 53.6 inches fifty years ago. The average eighteen-year-old boy is about seventy inches tall, which is three inches better than the half-century ago average.

110 GERMAN PLANES FLEW 4,000,000 MILES LAST YEAR.

The rapid development of air traffic in Germany is revealed by the first annual report of the German Luft Hansa, covering the period from April to December, 1926.

The Luft Hansa, born of a merger between the Junkers and the Aero-Lloyd concerns, is now the only air traffic company in Germany.

The report shows that although the last flying year consisted of only nine months, the results far surpassed those of the previous year. The increases were:

	Per cent.
For passengers.....	50.3
For freight and baggage.....	115.0
For mail.....	86.4

The total figures are:

For passengers.....	56,268
For baggage.....	258,464 kilograms
For freight.....	384,000 kilograms
For mail.....	301,945 kilograms

Altogether the 110 airplanes of the Luft Hansa flew 6,141,479 kilometers (about 4,000,000 miles) during the nine months, or a daily average of 20,408 kilometers, an increase of 24 percent over the previous year.

During the Summer they touched 57 domestic and 15 foreign landing fields; during the Winter, 23 domestic and 10 foreign.

This performance was marred by only one serious accident during the year. Four passengers and one pilot were killed when a passenger plane landed on the island of Juist, July 24, 1926. The cause has never been definitely established, but indications were that the plane had been struck by lightning.

The regularity of the flights was above 90 percent for all lines, and on many lines 100 percent.

PLUCK AND LUCK

— Latest Issues —

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| 1458 Young Ivanhoe; or, The Robin Hood of America. | 1483 Wrecked in An Unknown Sea; or, Cast On a Mysterious Island. |
| 1459 From Poor House to Palace; or, A Young Millionaire for a Year. | 1484 Hal Hart of Harvard; or, College Life at Cambridge. |
| 1460 Afloat with Captain Kidd; or, A Boy Among the Pirates. | 1485 Dauntless Young Douglas; or, The Prisoner of the Isle. |
| 1461 My Brother Jack; or, The Lazy One of the Family. | 1486 His Own Master; or, In Business for Himself. |
| 1462 The Boy Cliff Dwellers; or, The Mystery of the Enchanted Mountain. | 1487 The Lost Expedition; or, The City of Skulls, |
| 1463 Walt Whitney, the Boy Lawyer of New York. | 1488 Holding His Own; or, The Brave Fight of Bob Carter. |
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| 1470 Young Cadmus; or, The Adventures of Lafayette's Champion. | 1495 With Stanley On His Last Trip; or, Emin Pasha's Rescue. |
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